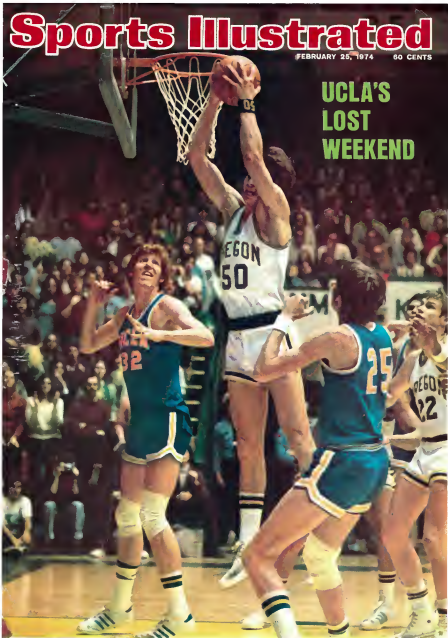


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 25, 1974 60 CENTS

**UCLA'S
LOST
WEEKEND**





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At Fisher Body, we know how important peace of mind can be. That's why we build so many comforting ideas into General Motors cars. Like the steel side-guard beams built into every GM door. Like our new Comfort Belt System, a shoulder/seat belt combination that buckles you up



without tying you down. You'll find a lot more comforting Body by Fisher ideas available on many GM cars. Options like power door locks that let your wife lock all doors at a touch of one button. Body by Fisher, the people who come up with some of the most comforting ideas around.

...it's a comfort to know it's Body by Fisher

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Why haven't you gotten the message?

There were a lot of people ready for Vantage when we were ready *with* Vantage. And you wouldn't believe how quickly they began buying them up.

Apparently, many smokers were concerned about 'tar' and nicotine and wanted to smoke a cigarette that reduced 'tar' and nicotine without reducing flavor.

And that's the idea behind Vantage Filter. It gives you the flavor of a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine. And it does that better than any other cigarette on the market.

With one exception. Vantage Menthol.

But the problem with Vantage Menthol is that a lot of smokers don't even know that there is a Vantage Menthol.

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In our effort to let smokers know about Vantage, we allowed our menthol to play second fiddle.

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So, menthol smokers, if we've failed to let you know of our existence, here goes.

Vantage Menthol is here.

If you're ready for us, we're ready for you.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 10 mg 'tar' 0.8 mg nicotine. Menthol 11 mg 'tar' 0.9 mg nicotine—av per cigarette, FTC Report Sept '73.

Before you buy any color TV,

The people who service them. For the second consecutive year, a leading research organization asked TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needs fewest repairs — which is highest in quality — and which they would buy today. Again, Zenith was named most often.

Question

In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers

Zenith	35%
Brand A	14%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	9%
Brand D	3%
Brand E	1%
Brand F	1%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	2%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	1%
Don't Know	1%

Question

In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which is the highest quality color TV?

Answers

Zenith	45%
Brand A	24%
Brand B	10%
Brand C	6%
Brand D	1%
Brand E	2%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	1%
Don't Know	4%

Question

If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?

Answers

Zenith	35%
Brand A	24%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	6%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	3%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	5%
Don't Know	6%



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listen to the experts.

The people who own them. When you live with a TV set, year in and year out, you know more about its reliability and picture quality than anybody. In a recent nationwide survey of color TV owners, more than 8 out of 10 Zenith owners said they would buy another Zenith if they were buying a new color TV set today. No other brand showed this much owner loyalty. Can you think of a better measure of owner satisfaction?

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**Like a good neighbor,
State Farm is there
with Disability Income Insurance.**



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Next week

SPLASHWEST STREAK in college sport belongs to the swimmers of Indiana. Against Cincinnati they go after their 100th straight dual-meet victory, as Jerry Koshenbaum observes.

FAIR HARVARD has usually fared poorly at basketball. Under its new coach, Seth Sanders, the Crimson is still losing—but by fewer points. Giles Plazny writes fiercely.

CONTROVERSIAL Jimmy Connors, disliked by many of his peers and snubbed by others, is out to prove he is the world's best tennis player. Jerry Kirkpatrick serves him up.



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Don't stir without Noilly Prat.

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But whatever proportion you prefer, remember: Don't stir without Noilly Prat. And white rum from Puerto Rico.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Despite his nickname, Tex Maule does not dream of retiring to a ranch by the Pedernales or a beach on Padre Island. He is a Texan all right, from San Antonio, and as is natural in a state where football is the largest of the Protestant denominations, he grew up loving the gridiron. But in his secret actual identity as Hamilton Priceaux Bee Maule, he is really an incurable Anglophile, and what he daydreams about is someday having a flat in Chelsea or Mayfair.

Fortunately for Tex, numerous SI assignments have sent him to or through London, his favorite city, the most recent being his visit to the undefeated Leeds soccer team (page 56). He has covered World Cup soccer in Britain and written about sport and the average Englishman. Even on his way back to New York from a story in South Africa he somehow managed to pass through London. Also on his way back from Russia and on his way back from Spain. In a year without an SI excuse, he would pay his own way.

"The people there are so much less abrasive than in New York City," says Tex. "Englishmen are supposed to be reserved, but I can go into any pub and easily strike up a conversation. And it's such a clean city. You don't have garbage up to your ankles. The air used to be dirty, but not now."

"And I love the theater. This trip I went five times in the six nights I was there. Even in Leeds there is good theater. I saw Trevor Howard in *Waltz of the Toreadors*."

Maule first visited London when he was in the Merchant Marine in World War II and his ship docked in Liverpool. He has seen multitudes of changes since then: less pollution, better food—and higher prices. The latter hurt because Maule really does intend to retire there. One flat he knows of would have cost £5,000 (about \$12,500) six years ago. Last spring it was up to £24,000 and still rising.

But Tex feels that the British are bearing up well under the energy and general economic crises that have hit them hard.



MAULE IN CHILPROOF LONDON TOGS

"London is dim now. Not completely dark, but about a third as many lights on theater marquees and in Piccadilly and places like that," he says. "Hotel rooms and restaurants and offices are chilly. In the theaters you might as well wear a topcoat."

But it is still a pleasant place to jog. This time Maule stayed away from the route he had developed on earlier visits—a block and a half from Sloane Avenue to King's Road, to Sloane Square, across the Albert Bridge, around Battersea Park, back across the Thames on the Chelsea Bridge—a little more than four miles. Instead, he used the track at the Duke of York headquarters, leaving spike prints in the snow. In Leeds he jogged on the streets, something he would be reluctant to do in New York.

About the only semi-unpleasant thing Maule can remember about London, other than high prices, is a taxi ride he took with his wife Dorothy. London taxis are models of spaciousness and comfort, and normally they are superbly driven. But this time the driver had to make a quick stop, and the Maules were propelled onto the floor. At their destination the cabbie looked around apologetically and said, "No charge for this ride, governor."

It doesn't sound much like New York, at that.

Sack

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

RUNNING BATTLE

Although American promoters confidently expected Tanzania's sensational Filbert Bayi, who broke Jim Ryun's world record for 1,500 meters at the Commonwealth Games in New Zealand three weeks ago, to run the mile at indoor meets in Toronto and San Diego last week, Tanzanian officials squashed the project. In Dar es Salaam, Major General Sarakikya of the Tanzanian Olympic Committee said, "Not all invitations are aimed at improving the standards of our athletes. Some meets are mainly for making big money for capitalists abroad. All further invitations to Bayi and our other top athletes will be very carefully scrutinized before they are accepted, and we will definitely discourage indoor meeting invitations."

Bayi, a sergeant in the army, stayed in Tanzania. While it was accepted that he deserved a rest after his accomplishments in New Zealand (he was given a furlough from his army duties), the question rose whether the arbitrary action by Tanzanian officials might eventually move Bayi to turn professional, as did Kenya's renowned Ben Jipcho (page 20), who grew tired of being constantly chivvied by his country's amateur athletic officials.

Yet Bayi was quoted as saying, "Why should I be for sale? If you turn professional, you come under the mercy of someone who makes business from your sweat. You run for money and nothing else. I don't like the system. I prefer running for my country, and to rest when I am finished."

ROUGH SPORT

Fans sometimes argue about which sport produces the best athletes, and which is most difficult to play. Whether this contributes anything constructive to such discussions is questionable, but General Manager Phil Seghi of the Cleveland Indians is fuming because three of his baseball players were injured playing basketball this winter. Rookie Outfielder Tommie Smith broke his arm and Infield-

ers Buddy Bell and Frank Duffy both had ankle injuries. From football, pro Quarterback John Reaves broke his arm this winter in a basketball game, and Brad Van Pelt, the All-America safety at Michigan State who was something of a bust as a linebacker with the New York Giants last fall, broke his foot. Van Pelt, a superior pitcher who had turned down a big bonus from baseball's St. Louis Cardinals, had planned to pitch for Michigan State this spring, thus taking advantage of the new NCAA rule that allows a pro in one sport to play another sport in college.

Some years ago Bobby Tolan, then with the Reds, tore his Achilles' tendon playing basketball and missed an entire season. Dick Hall, the old Baltimore Oriole relief pitcher, broke his hand playing the game. Baseball contracts once contained a clause barring players from taking part in other sports during the off-season, but as a concession to the players it was deleted a few years ago. Back in the 1950s, when he was general manager of the Cardinals, Frank Lane invoked the clause to keep Red Schoendienst and Del Rice off the courts.

An angry Seghi said, "They're asinine to play basketball. It's stupid, and if I could stop them, I would. They beat their brains out to make the majors, and then risk it all by playing basketball."

Bill Russell always did say it was the toughest game.

DIDN'T BIRDIE CNEW?

You may have read that Cincinnati's historic Crosley Field was torn down a few years ago and is now only a memory. (Don't believe it. A real estate broker, model owner and self-admitted baseball freak by the name of Larry Luebbers is reconstructing part of the field on his 210-acre farm in Union, Ky. Already in place is the familiar old left-field fence, including the terrace that sloped up to it, plus the signs advertising hot dogs and soft drinks. When the wreckers were demolishing Crosley Field, Luebbers went

down to purchase a couple of seats and found himself going back time and again, until finally he had bought all the fences, the scoreboard (including the clock), both clubhouses, the foul poles, 400 seats, the bullpen, dugout, benches and much more. Along the way he picked up odd tidbits of information. For instance, the strange hole in one wall of the home dugout, Birdie Tebbets, it turned out, liked to smoke in the dugout but didn't want smoke drifting out onto the field. Instead, he blew it out the hole. Putting the field together piece by piece, Luebbers hopes to have it complete this year for use by baseball teams. If you're worried about that seating capacity of only 400, well, Union has a population of 250.

LOSING STREAK

Remember Fred Spiller, the Wichita (Kans.) truck driver who was arrested for keeping a baseball bat over the fence in an intimacy game (Scorecard, July 30)? When he was found guilty of petty lar-



cery by a municipal court judge, Spiller decided to appeal. But the other day, in district court, he lost again. His lawyer, Jean Oliver Moore, told the jury that rules for sport differ from those for ordinary conduct; that if, for instance, you are beamed with a baseball, you don't file charges against the pitcher. It was no go. Basing its decision on a strict reading of a city ordinance that forbids taking of property, the jury could find no exception for baseballs.

Judge Robert Stephan fined Spiller \$100 (four times the fine imposed in the

continued

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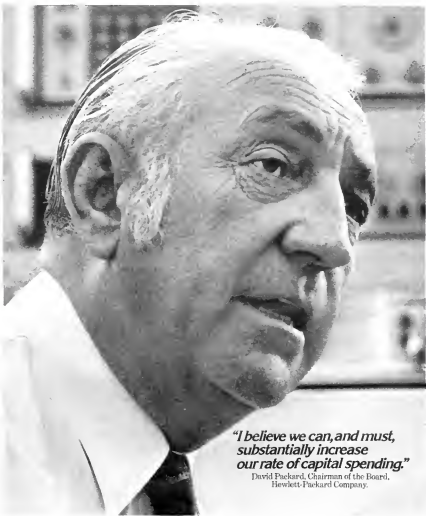
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***"I believe we can, and must,
substantially increase
our rate of capital spending."***

David Packard, Chairman of the Board,
Hewlett-Packard Company.

profits and productivity.

Productivity in the United States must be increased. To do this, we need to give our people the tools to do a better job, and we need to create an environment in which they will *want* to do a better job.

People simply can't be expected to produce more and better goods and services unless they have the proper tools — the facilities, the machinery, the equipment — that will enable them to be more productive. This requires continuing investment — and here is where we have fallen behind our foreign competitors.

Of the eight largest manufacturing nations, the U.S. is re-investing the smallest portion of its Gross National Product, only about ten percent. In comparison, Japan has been plowing back nearly 20 percent; Germany and France about 15 percent.

I believe we can, and must, substantially increase our rate of capital spending in relation to our GNP. The capital available to business comes only from profits — profits that may be re-invested directly or used to attract and support investment by others. With higher profits, and higher levels of investment, we can provide the tools that are needed to do a better job.

But the best tools in the world won't materially increase our productivity unless they are in the hands of highly skilled, highly motivated people — people who care, who have pride in their work and their company, and who contribute the enthusiasm, as well as the skill, that results in quality products and services.

How can we generate this higher level of motivation?

We can give people more responsibility, more freedom to make decisions affecting their particular activity. Every organization needs overall goals and objectives. But once these are clearly stated and agreed to, employees can be encouraged to develop their own ideas and methods for achieving the goals.

We can put more faith and confidence in our people. For example, several companies are now operating on flexible work schedules that allow individual employees to decide when they want to start their work day. The reason this program is successful is that it represents a tangible, genuine expression of management confidence in people.

I am convinced that people are motivated not so much by specific job benefits as they are by having a real sense of involvement, an opportunity to contribute their unique talents and abilities to a job and be recognized for their achievements. Given that, and the necessary tools to do the job, there is no question that they — and our nation — can become immensely more productive.

United States Steel is keenly aware of the need to continually invest in plants and equipment. In 1973 alone, we approved over \$485,000,000 of expenditures for future capital improvements. In a wide variety of ways, these improvements will certainly contribute to our productivity. United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.



We're involved.

original trial) plus court costs. Then, indulging in judicial whimsy, the court gave Spiller the option of shagging balls for 10 games at one of two local parks instead of paying the fine. Moore turned this down as an indignity, declaring, "My client based his case on his honest assumption that a ball out of play is a free ball. There is no reason to make a clown out of him." When Moore later estimated that court costs would probably be in excess of \$300, the judge agreed that the sentence was too high and said he would reconsider his decision on it sometime this week.

Spiller can still appeal to a higher court but, seeing the way the ball is bouncing, he has decided not to carry his pitch any farther.

A BIKE AND A BARK

Sukti Prasad Potadar of Calcutta, India has been touring the world on a bicycle for the past four years. After visiting 58 countries on four continents, he has some interesting observations. The friendliest people he met were Arabs. "There is no way to describe the hospitality of these people," he says. "It is basic to their religion. Next to Allah, the guest is the most sacred thing. They will do anything for you." He did not care for Turks. "They seem not to like tourists in Turkey," he says. "I felt the hostility." The Balkan countries were pleasant, but in the Soviet Union he was not allowed to move about where he pleased. "They don't encourage the kind of contact with ordinary people that I am interested in," Potadar says.

But one of the worst annoyances he encountered came in the U.S. What was it? Dogs. A seemingly limitless succession of dogs barking and chasing after his bike made his travel miserable.

ARIZONA IDEA

A prominent educator in Arizona said the other day that big universities should stop pretending that college football is an aspect of education and, instead, go out and hire professional teams to represent the school. Weldon P. Shofstall, superintendent of public instruction in the state since 1969 and an ex-officio regent of Arizona State University, said, "Let's take the hypocrisy out of college football. Why don't we just make it professional?"

Shofstall spent 10 years at Arizona State working on a scholarship committee. The committee, he said, used scholarships to subsidize athletics. "We were out to get men who would win and gain publicity for the university," he said. "It was public relations, not education—except that some of the players were preparing for pro football jobs. I guess that's as legitimate as preparing doctors and lawyers, but that's not what we say we're doing."

Shofstall's half-mocking proposal was inspired by a fuss going on over proposed use of the university's Sun Devil Stadium by professional football. Pro promoters want to rent the stadium but the board of regents is against it on the grounds that pro football there would undermine the college football program. Shofstall suggested that the university sign a contract with a pro team in much the way that it does with, say, food concessionaires. The concessionaires agree to supply the university with food and other services. The pro team would supply a football team, use the stadium and other facilities and represent Arizona State in competition. Student football would be restricted to intramurals, and coaches would return to physical education duties.

Shofstall says the arrangement would give Arizona State a competitive team, earn more money for the university and get rid of the hypocrisy now inherent in the football program. As for pro football's side of it, it might not be such a far-fetched idea. As Lamar Hunt pointed out a week or so ago, Arizona is one of the very few rich markets in the country still waiting for a pro team.

ELBOW BENDERS

Frank Szymanski, basketball coach of the University of Baltimore, wrote his master's thesis on "A Cinematographical Analysis of the Mechanics of the Jump Shot as Performed by Professional Basketball Players." It's been a few years since Szymanski did his research but he feels his study still holds up. Its basic finding was that the jump shot does not necessarily come naturally to a player, but can be taught. "What I discovered," he said, "is that while players move into position for the shot in many different ways, there is marked similarity in the way they execute it once they are airborne—the

way the good ones do it, anyway. In the air each guy's elbow is pointed right at the basket. That's the key, the elbow."

Of the subjects he studied and filmed, the best percentage shooter was Don Ohl, then with the Baltimore Bullets. Szymanski said, "The films showed that Ohl never deviated more than one degree in the angle his elbow, wrist, shoulder and hip joint made with the basket. On the other hand, Wali Jones was an erratic shooter, and I'm convinced the reason was that his shooting position deviated anywhere from two to 15 degrees. Jones never mastered the true mechanics of the shot."

AD INFINITUM

The attention paid to minute details by pro football coaching staffs is remarkable, but sometimes it seems to be carried to infinite extremes. Scouting, for example, the continuing appraisal of players and teams, attempts to be so precise that it masquerades as an exact science. But do you know that scouts are scouted, too? Bobby Beathard, director of player personnel for the Miami Dolphins, says, "One scout may be better at grading wide receivers than offensive linemen. We try to learn each scout's strong points and his weak points."

The question is, who scouts the scout scouts?

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Foreman, owner of the Virginia Squires, on claims that he sold top performers at the expense of the team: "It's not a pleasant thing to hear, but I did what I had to do out of necessity. This is not a public utility. I can't ask for a fare increase when things go bad."
- Frank Beard, touring golf pro, on the slowness of the game: "We're on television an hour and a half, but you probably see only five minutes of action. Compared to a sport like hockey, golf can be one of the most boring shows on TV."
- Bill Sienkiewicz, Montreal Expos pitcher, on why he did not use an agent to negotiate his contract this season: "You don't need a lawyer to tell the club you had a lousy year."
- Ned Harkness, looking around for a job after resigning as general manager of the Detroit Red Wings: "I once told my wife that at least I could always pump gas, but now I can't even do that." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 26, 1974

AMBUSHED ON THE



Oregon's strategy was to surround Bill Walton with a flock of Ducks, which hindered his mobility. He was limited to only five shots and 11 points.

Not since 1965 had UCLA lost two consecutive games, but when the Bruins were upset in Corvallis and Eugene, there arose the possibility they would miss the NCAA playoffs

by KENNY MOORE

OREGON TRAIL

CONTINUED

How bad did you guys win today?" someone asked Bill Walton as UCLA's giant redhead stood in the lobby of a Portland hotel on Saturday night. "Win?" Walton replied. "We lost, man." His voice was barely audible.

"You lost? Why, you guys are the best!"

Walton shook his head sadly, and his teammate Greg Lee said, "Not anymore we're not."

So it was on UCLA's lost weekend along the Oregon Trail, where The Walton Gang was ambushed twice—by Oregon State 61-57 and by Oregon 56-51—in two of college basketball's most shocking upsets in years. It was the first time since 1966—the only non-title year in UCLA's reign of terror from '64 to '73—that a John Wooden team has been beaten back to back. Ironically, it was the Oregon schools that also did it then, killing all conference title hopes for a team decimated by injuries and illness. This time, at least, UCLA returned home tied for first place in the Pacific Eight with USC, which defeated both Oregon teams handily last weekend.

What went wrong?

Mostly, the offense broke down. The Bruins committed an assortment of costly turnovers, 21 against OSU, 17 against

Oregon. They seemed tentative and lacked precision. They missed easy shots and rarely, if ever, made baskets off their fast break. They looked nothing at all like the team that had reclaimed its No. 1 ranking with a smashing win over Notre Dame last month.

Wooden admitted after the Oregon defeat that he was to blame. "I made some changes in our offense the past week to give us more movement," he said. "I thought it would make us sharper but instead it made us hesitant. Maybe, in retrospect, I made a mistake."

In both games, the Bruins faced man-to-man defenses that double-teamed Walton, shut off the driving lanes for Forward Keith Wilkes and generally made life miserable for playmaking Guards Tommy Curtis and Greg Lee. They tried to feed Walton inside but when Walton ran into congestion, he had to return the ball outside, where his teammates usually were standing around instead of maneuvering to get open. Result: those turnovers—most of them by Walton—that limited UCLA to astonishingly few shots (45 against OSU, 47 against Oregon) and forced the NCAA champs to play catch-up against teams that froze the ball near the finish to keep the games out of reach.

In Corvallis such tactics almost cost Oregon State the victory. State went into a 57-50 lead and then with three minutes remaining, attempted to hand the game to UCLA by taking some bad shots. With 33 seconds to go it was 57-56, but OSU freshman Guard George Tucker put in four trembling free throws in the final 25 seconds, and Oregon State was safe, 61-57. "If I could have found a place to go that last couple of minutes," said Coach Ralph Miller, "I'd have gone."

John Wooden was more upset than after the loss to Notre Dame that ended UCLA's 88-game winning streak. "We're certainly not No. 1," he said. "Not the way we're playing. I wasn't concerned about it last week. I am now."

In defeat, the Bruins sounded a rare note of discord. "The right people are not playing," said Lee, a senior who was a full-time player as a sophomore, more of a token starter last year and now mainly a substitute for Curtis and Freshman Marques Johnson. "I think we were playing better when I was in the lineup, but I don't make those decisions."

UCLA figured to save its hurt and pride the next afternoon against Dick Harter's Oregon Ducks, who had been effectively submerged by USC 76-61 the night before. That game Harter had proclaimed the most important for Oregon in his three years as coach, and he had not slept afterward. "I was sick about it," he said. "It seemed like a whole year was wasted."

Harter, who coached Penn to a 53-3 record from 1969-71, came to Oregon with two ringing vows: to introduce defense into the Pacific Eight and to beat UCLA. Defense meant clinging man to man, elbows flying on rebounds, diving on loose balls and holding firm in the path of driving opponents. There have been two concussions in Oregon workouts. Before an earlier game with UCLA Assistant Coach Dick Stewart said, "We've had great practices. Sixteen stitches, a few woozy players. A good week." Wichita State Coach Harry Miller once remarked in intimidated wonder, "They come at you like a squad of kamikazes," and Harter adopted the term. In fact, kamikaze basketball, if one ignores the self-destructive element, goes some way toward capturing Harter's near-Oriental sense of shame at defeat, his code of honor that seems to load moral freight onto the fragile cart of won-loss records. "Show me something in which winning isn't important," he said one day, and occasioned the following responses: music, walking in the woods, mixing a stew, making love. . . . But these came from people who did not perceive that he was speaking of his own life. Assistant Athletic Director Bill Landers says, "Dick Harter has an almost psychotic lust for the ultimate victory."

There were 49 fouls called when UCLA beat Oregon 84-66 in L.A. the week before. The local press called Oregon's defense "foolishly tenacious" and "Kung Fu," and Wooden said twice as many fouls should have been called.

When Wooden did not appear at a sportswriters' luncheon in Eugene last Friday because of a prior commitment to autograph books at an Oregon State student bookstore, Harter inquired which books he was signing—his own, the *Offensive's* *Gamebook* or the Bible? "I respect UCLA's talent," Harter said, "but have only distaste for its behavior. Listen to the names Walton calls the man

Teaching the rest: Wooden's Bruins come back.



who's playing him. Is it proper for a coach of Wooden's stature to verbally bait opposing players?"

UCLA, too, could summon up unpleasant memories. A year ago at Eugene, when Walton was on the floor, a spectator dashed out and kicked him. The Bruins won 72-61. "It was the roughest game I've ever been in," said Wooden. "I can't recall having won a game so handily and having such a bad taste in my mouth afterward." Greg Lee said, "I'm not looking forward to playing up there. Last year was the only time I ever was afraid on the court."

With these antecedents, the Pac-Eight Conference assigned to the Oregon game two officials, Lou Soriano and Frank Bucklewicz, noted for their ability to handle raucous crowds. UCLA quickly ran off to an 11-2 margin on soft-settling shots by Keith Wilkes and close work by Walton and Forward Dave Meyers, but Oregon began finding ways through the Bruin press, forcing three-on-two situations. Since one of those two was always Walton, the Duck tactic was to settle for 15-foot jump shots from the side. Walton refused to come out and Oregon sophomore Forward Bruce Coldren hit eight of nine from the field in the first half. In one six-minute span he scored 14 points to UCLA's 11. Oregon got even at 22-22, and ended the half ahead 32-26.

UCLA sported midway in the second half on three jumpers by Wilkes and one by Curtis to lead 43-42, but Oregon's Ron Lee hit from behind a screen by 6'8" Center Gerald Willett, the only Oregonian among the Ducks, Walton committed a three-second violation and Lee hit again. Walton's subsequent basket interference nullified a UCLA field goal and Coldren came back with three more undisturbed jumpers to the right of the key and Oregon had a 52-43 lead with 6:54 remaining. The scoreboard, suspended from cables above the floor, actually rocked with the stamping.

After Walton banked one in from the side, Oregon controlled the ball nearly five minutes with cross-court passes and sure ball handling by Lee and sophomore Mark Barwig. After a series of foul shots, Willett missed an one-and-one situation to keep the margin at nine. Two layups by Walton made it 56-51 when time ran out. Wooden got his players

through the melee, and when the floor cleared after an hour or so, it was slick with tears of deliverance.

Later Wooden considered the crisis UCLA now faces. "Our players have to come back with assurance. I won't berate a team when they're down. I'm more apt to vent my feelings after a victory than a loss. But I think it is just speculation to hold that there has been a mystique that has carried us. We've always known we could lose. You can't live without some kind of loss."

Some people theorize that UCLA's rugged schedule has taken its toll. The Bruins have beaten three teams ranked No. 2 nationally at various times—Maryland, North Carolina State and Notre Dame—and they came from behind to beat USC. Wooden conceded the recent Notre Dame, USC and Oregon games—all at home—"drained" his team emotionally and physically, but he would not use this as an excuse.

"Oregon shot from the outside far better than we expected," he said. "I can't fault our defense, although if people are going to shoot 12 for 14 as Coldren did, it may cause me to alter my philosophy that you're not beaten by outside shooting. He beat us."

Coldren said, "I've been working on my shooting, but tonight was a matter of confidence. I made a good hustle play and hit my first open shot. From then on as long as I was open, I knew they were going in. It's funny," he added. "When you first see all those UCLA players you think they are gods. Then you play them and you find they are just people like the rest of us."

In his office, a tired Dick Harter savored the victory. "UCLA has made a farce of college basketball for years. That's the most amazing thing in all of sports, ever. But now they have to be thinking, 'maybe we can lose again.' And other teams will really know they can win. Things are suddenly very different. The greatest test for Bill Walton and the others is how they will respond to being equal. Maybe they'll respond well to that, maybe they won't."

"It could be that UCLA might not even get to the NCAA playoffs this year. They have to play USC at USC. That would be great for the Pacific Eight. What a league this will be when we get the defensive style. . . ." Then he thought



Oregon fans danced to the scoreboard's 15th.

of something else: "At least I've caught up with my old assistant coach at Penn [Digger Phelps of Notre Dame]. He'll be calling tonight."

Some eight miles away from MacArthur Court, Oregon's arena, the USC squad had watched the game on television. "When it was over," said Coach Bob Boyd, "the boys were out in the hall beating on wastepaper baskets."

Up in Portland, the Bruins sat up past midnight in their hotel rooms, rehashing the things that went wrong, brainstorming about the might-have-beens, trying to fit the pieces back into the puzzle. "We're supposed to get the ball to Bill," complained Greg Lee, "but we're also supposed to be a five-man offense. The trouble is, the other guys don't know what to do when Bill is double-teamed."

They agreed Wooden is not infallible and saw no reason why they should not second-guess their coach. "We've got to change things now so they're right," said one player. "We've lost two games in a row. Something sure as hell is not working right."

It is too soon to bury the Walton Gang, but just about everybody agrees it is badly in need of intensive care. **END**

A WAY TO DOUBLE YOUR MONEY

Ben Jipcho had no trouble understanding a cardinal principle of pro track—the more races you win the more money you make. He had no trouble with the opposition either, taking four events in two nights **by RON REID**

It is the bane of America's newest venture involving salaried athletes that when the International Track Association is discussed, survival rather than superstardom dominates the conversation. "Will pro track make it?" has been a bigger question than what mark or how much money an ITA performer made. So it had to be a boon last weekend when ITA launched its second season with back-to-back meets that the fans went home singing the praises of a runner who would be called the new kid on the blocks, if he used them, rather than speculating on the gross gate. A Kenyan with a 5,000-watt smile and stamina that may be tested only by victory laps, he is 30-year-old Ben Jipcho. Among other

things, he learns as fast as he runs.

In a 24-hour period Jipcho made his pro debut with a dazzling pair of distance doubles, which were even more remarkable when you consider that heretofore he had never run an indoor distance in his life. Friday night, at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, in a two-mile that was supposed to be a training exercise in tight indoor turns and sharp indoor elbows, Jipcho won in a pro record 8:34, beating George Young by 40 yards. As testimony of Jipcho's show-biz moxie, he then ran 2½ victory laps, flashing a smile at the crowd of 11,231 that would have lit up Carlsbad Caverns. Less than 50 minutes later, Jipcho twice held off the challenge of Jim Ryan to win the mile in 4:03.

Saturday night, before 4,758 in snowy Baltimore, he yielded 35 yards to Young but still won in 8:49.8, and then took the mile in 4:08. For the six miles he covered in the two meets, Jipcho won \$2,100—\$500 for each victory and \$100 for the record—or a little less than \$1 for every five yards. More important, he made both crowds forget that neither Bob Seagren nor Kip Keino had showed up for the meets and that many of the pros' performances were woefully short of amateur.

At Nassau, Ron Jourdan won the high jump at a lowly 6'10". In Baltimore, Chris Fisher took the 800 in 1:56.5. Willie Smith, a high-schooler from Uniondale, N.Y., posed a better time (31.4) for the 300 during Nassau's afternoon prep meet than did Jim Green (32.2) for the evening pro show. This was especially embarrassing, since ITA had furnished the track for the high school meet.

Judged on time alone, Jipcho's 8:34 was not that sensational, either. Steve Prefontaine's indoor best this season is 11.8 seconds faster, and John Hartnett of Villanova ran an 8:26.6 on the same Coliseum track a month earlier. But one observer who had seen both races pointed out that "the crowd that watched Hartnett's race sure didn't react the way they did here tonight." Indeed, it is doubtful that Jipcho, in his first run for the money, would have won more thunderous applause and frenzied cheering had he promised every fan a full tank of premium. ITA's survival may very well depend upon Jipcho, which happens to coincide with his own plans.

"Since I'm very new," he said last Thursday in the clipped British accent of his native land, "I haven't set a goal for myself, but probably it is to make the ITA meeting exciting and to make money for myself."

The latter motive, of course, was why he ran two races at Nassau. "I'd rather have him save it all for the mile," said ITA President Mike O'Hara before the meet, "but he wants to run them both,



After winning the two-mile, Jipcho withstood Jim Ryan's challenge to take the mile in 4:03.

and when he said so he didn't seem to be ready to compromise. He's never run the boards before, but he thinks he can use the two-mile to get accustomed to the mile. I guess it's a learning curve or something."

If so, it is a sharp curve. "I've been doubling at home, you know," Jipcho said. "If I run the two and win, and then the mile and win, I'll have more money, and I thought that was to be the whole purpose of ITA." A logical consideration for the father of four daughters whose ages range from one month to seven years.

Overshadowed for a long time by his compatriot Keino, who signed with ITA last season and who was stuck in Nairobi with "domestic problems," Jipcho came into his own this past summer with a series of remarkable performances, including a world-record steeplechase (8:14) and a 3:52 mile, the third-fastest behind Ryun's world-record 3:51.1. The *Track and Field News* Athlete of the Year, Jipcho has also run the 1,500 in 3:33.2 and the 5,000 in 13:14.4, the second-fastest ever. Repeatedly frustrated by Kenya's Amateur Athletic Association, Jipcho decided to turn pro after he competed in the British Commonwealth Games in New Zealand, where he won gold medals in the steeple and in the 5,000 and finished third in Filbert Bay's world-record 1,500 run.

"My association has been a nuisance to me," Jipcho says. "Last year, when they bothered me, I thought I'd resign my career. Previously, I was invited many times to run in the U.S. indoor meets but they turned down the invitations for vague reasons. Now I have given up running for my country in the 1976 Games, but I am happy with ITA."

Understandably, ITA is happy with Jipcho. "I'd say it was a good start," O'Hara said after the Baltimore meet. "Jipcho continues to amaze me. He wants to go to Salt Lake City [next stop on the 18-city tour] to help us promote that meet. Our attendance wasn't very good, but we came out of the weekend with an average of almost 8,000, and that's just about the average we'd like to sustain."

As for Jipcho's doubling, O'Hara said, "I'd still like him to concentrate on putting everything into just one race sometime, but he's talking about tripling. I would like to see him rip up that mile record. The thing is now everyone



Rod Milburn won the 60-yard hurdles in both meets, tying the pro record of 6.9 at Baltimore.

knows that Jipcho is the guy to beat."

Presumably that includes Ryun, whose duels with Keino last year failed to become the box-office smash that O'Hara had hoped for. "I should have run better," Ryun admits. "I should have adjusted better to the travel and the back-to-back competition." Ryun also felt that his promotional work for ITA sometimes proved a handicap to his athletic work for ITA. "I don't like to make excuses," he says, "but last year, by the time the meet came around, I had a hard time getting up for the race. The excitement and the newness, in a lot of cases, had worn off ahead of time. That's why I came to New York late. I ran my best race [3:59.8] in Detroit last year when I came in just a few hours before the meet."

Besides Jipcho, O'Hara has added to his cast Rod Milburn, the world's finest hurdler, and Pole Vaulter Steve Smith, whose verbal feud with Seagen smacks of early Muhammad Ali. "Pro track is almost like a second step, of going from childhood to manhood," Milburn said before the Nassau meet. "I've gotten all my glory from amateur track, but now I'm a rookie until I prove myself against these guys. This meet will be a guideline. I can't tell how I'll do until I run that first meet."

Milburn, be assured, will do lucratively. At Nassau he nipped Leon Coleman in seven seconds flat, and he equaled the pro record of 6.9 for 60 yards at Baltimore. Smith, perhaps nettled by Seagen's absence, did not fare as well. He won Friday with a vault of 17 feet, but he failed to clear any height at Baltimore where he broke his pole on his first attempt and had to use a borrowed one. Seagen reportedly was in Los Angeles with stomach flu, which prompted the

cynical conjecture that he was actually suffering from "Superstar Stomach." Seagen defends his Superstar title in the TV show of the same name later this month. You get over \$40,000 for first there against \$500 for winning the ITA Personna vault, as it is now called.

Personna is a new ITA sponsor and the pole-vault standards have been designed to resemble a pair of huge Personna II razors, suitable for use by anyone with a 40-acre face. Post Cereals has also extended its prize money to include the shotput: alas, the event has lost its luster now that Brian Oldfield, who dominated it last season, is hampered by a torn knee cartilage. Uniroyal has scheduled a \$600,000, 30-second commercial that will benefit ITA, while Vitalis will pick up the tab on one of four ITA telecasts.

All of which, along with Jipcho, would seem to confirm O'Hara's confidence. "I feel we've been through our first-year challenge of going into a new city every week and that we've got enough clingo, enough coming together, to be successful," he says. "Besides, we know now what works and what doesn't. This is the year we break even or make a little. Next season should be our super King Kong year."

Even if O'Hara's forecast is overly optimistic, this is the first season that ITA will live up to its first name. The entire company is scheduled to play Tokyo on April 6-7, where one of the biggest attractions will be Bob Hayes, whom the Japanese remember from the 1964 Olympics. "I've already got about 25,000 phone calls from newsmen over there," Hayes says. "I'm not sure what I'll run, probably the 100."

By that time Jipcho may be running everything else.

END



King Richard's ruling: win it once more.

GASSER OF A RACE AT RICHARD'S PLACE

The fuel crisis cut 50 miles off the Daytona 500, but Petty did it once again, just as he used to back in the good old days by **ROBERT F. JONES**

richest superspeedway stock-car race, was cut back by 37½", and the race itself underwent a 10% amputation.

The Daytona 450? It sounds kind of silly, almost cheap, like those bush-league races conducted on potholed fair-ground ovals in the summer-sweaty boondocks of America. It suddenly became clear that the number "500" over the years has acquired a certain mystical aura in the American automotive lexicon. But wait, race fans! France & Co. had a solution to that problem as well. The race would still be a 500, even though it ran for only 450 miles. The amputated 50 would come from the *front* end of the race; that is, the 40-car field would take the green flag on the 2½-mile track at the start of the 21st lap, having supposedly spent the first 20 laps cooling its collective exhaust pipes in the pits. All one had to do was squinch his eyes a little bit and he could pretend it was for real.

One thing no amount of squinching could obscure, however, was the fact that the traditional bumper-against-bumper crowds that glut Daytona International Speedway's infield during Speed Week were mighty sparse. Attendance for the two 125-mile qualifying races that determine the grid for the big one—reduced this year to 112½-milers in deference to the E.C.—came to only 36,500 souls, almost a third fewer than last year's 50,350.

By the weekend before the 500 all grandstand seats are usually sold out. This year more than \$100,000 worth of tickets were still available a week before the race. Since the Daytona crowd is largely a camper crowd, and since the big campers get only three or four miles to the gallon, it was obvious that fear of dry tanks rather than any sudden flush of guilt over the "morality" of motor racing was keeping the folks at home.

Ironically, the local fuel situation in Daytona was excellent. Lines were short or nonexistent and full tanks easy to come by. "How can I go home after

this?" asked a fan from New Jersey, basking in the 75° sun at a Citgo station where his station wagon was being filled by a jovial attendant. "I'm going to camp out here for the rest of the winter and just feast my eyes on those lovely, languid, well-filled pumps."

Perhaps that was a common sentiment, because the crowds finally picked up considerably toward the climactic weekend. Ultimately, where the energy crisis hurt the most was at the sponsorship level. The race itself still had full backing from Winston, but only a handful of the cars in it had anything like major support from big sponsors. "It'll get worse before it gets better," said a spokesman for one of them. "Most of these corporate tigers are as timid as timpane when something like this energy business comes up.



They'll wait and see if the public considers racing to be profligate before they commit themselves."

There was nothing wasteful about the preliminaries to the big 450, unless one considers yawning a form of profligacy. Bobby Isaac won the first of the truncated 125-milers, staving off a surprisingly tough challenge from 40-year-old NASCAR rookie George Follmer, who drafted like a superspeedway veteran. It was a heartening, if minor, win for Isaac, who had retired after last year's Talladega 500, claiming a voice in his ear had told him to quit while the quilting was good. But voices have a way of dimming during times of crisis, even as the lowly light bulb in a brownout. Cale Yarborough took the second qualifier after A. J. Foyt, who had been stacking to him like a Texas hill-country burr, blew an engine two laps from the finish.

Follmer, who came to Daytona out of road racing, showed the fans his more familiar skills for a brief spurt during the final of the International Race of Champions, that *mano a mano* of automotive superstars driving identically prepared Porsche Carreras. But Mark Donohue, who had announced his retirement, went on to an easy quarter-of-a-lap victory, plus a final payday of \$54,500. The only

note of excitement at the finish was a nipply tuckish duel between Peter Revson and Bobby Unser for second place and \$13,000. On the last lap Revson slingshot past Unser to edge him by three feet. "I've been studying these stock-car boys," Peter said later, "and it really paid off."

If the Race of Champions was dullsville, the big 450 was anything but. It started off with a bang—indeed, with bang upon bang—under cool, sunny skies and in the teeth of a crisp wind that seemed to nudge cars into the wall on Turn 2. All this, plus the usual allotment of spinouts, blown engines and fender-bending bust-ups, brought out a near-record 10 yellow caution flags, one short of the mark set in 1971.

The flurries of constant pitting, bunching and regrouping that occurred under the caution periods also brought on a record number of lead changes—fully 59 during the three hours and 11 minutes of the race. Chains of more than a dozen cars drafted together, flat-out, nose-to-tail, like some monstrous subsonic form of mass transit.

The first of the hot dogs to fail was David Pearson, last year's high-money man in NASCAR and the pole sitter for this race. He ran over a stray tailpipe that

had clanked onto the track during one of the early crashes, and an incurable vibration forced him to retire on the 38th lap. After that, the race belonged, at various times, to Richard Petty, Cale Yarborough, Foyt, the splendidly named Clifton (Coo-Coo) Marlin, and that bustling brother team from Hueytown, Ala., Donny and Bobby Allison. It was magnificent racing and high-speed geometry, just the sort of showmanship that makes the Grand National game America's most exciting. Then, just before the halfway mark, Bobby Allison's engine exploded on the back straight.

When the green flag came out again, a new pattern emerged. Petty and Donny Allison, in a Dodge and a Chevy, pulled away from the pack in a 180-mph double-draft, swapping the lead back and forth for nearly 100 miles. Petty finally broke the ballet by pitting under the green flag for tires and gas. Donny pulled in a few laps later, but in the duel of pit crews Petty emerged with a six-second advantage. That could have been enough to ensure victory, but then—on the 168th lap—rookie Follmer blew his engine and spun up into the wall on Turn 2.

Pitting again under the caution, Allison and Petty emerged almost side by side and staged their own Winternationals Drag meet down the pit road. Again the lead swapping went on until—with less than 50 miles to go—Petty's left front tire blew. The Allison partisans went berserk as Petty limped in for a quick change, but a few laps later it was their turn to groan. Suddenly, Allison shredded a rear tire at high speed right in front of the main grandstand—it sounded like a small bomb—and slewed wildly into the first turn, holding the car off the wall only by the most skillful wheel-handling.

That was it. Petty breezed home the rest of the way to capture his fifth Daytona victory and his second in a row—both unprecedented in the Speedway's history. He also picked up \$36,650 for the afternoon's drive. What does one do after five Daytona wins? "Go after No. 6," said King Richard.

Among the fans, ironically enough, were ambassadors from Saudi Arabia, Morocco and Jordan. One could only hope—vainly, no doubt—that the excitement of American auto racing might somehow communicate itself through some diplomatic pouch back to their homelands and cause their oil-piñching bosses to relent.

AND

Racing through the exhaust fumes, the Daytona pack prepared to start at the 21st lap.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARE STEWART

HE POINTED THE WAY AT WESTMINSTER

The dog world put on its best bib and tucker to watch a German shorthair win best-in-show and four new breeds take their bows by ROBERT H. BOYLE



Delight to the judges was Ch. Gretchenhof Columbia River, the pointer known as Traveler.

ster's 98th annual show, one of the oldest sporting events in the U.S. And despite all the grousing it was perfectly clear that nothing in dogdom can match a win in the Garden, especially best-in-show. As Len Carey of Fallbrook, Calif., the best-in-show judge, said of Ch. Gretchenhof Columbia River, the German shorthaired pointer he put up, the dog should now be retired because "he's reached the top."

It was certainly the top for Ch. Gretchenhof etc., who is called Traveler at home. His best-in-show was the first ever at Westminster for a German shorthaired pointer. A vivacious animal with a good deal of drive and spirit, Traveler comes out of dual-purpose show and field stock. He was handled by Jo Shellenbarger of Costa Mesa, Calif., who bred him and was his original owner. But two years ago, when Traveler was two, she sold him to Dr. Richard P. Smith, a show fancier and anesthesiologist from Hayward, Calif. Actually, she had very little selling to do; Dr. Smith craved the dog. Interestingly, the doctor also shows Irish setters, but despite his fondness for Gundogs, he has never fired a round in his life.

"He was the first one who caught my eye," Carey said later. "You can't fault the dog. He's as fine an example of a sporting dog as I've ever laid my hands on. I'd say he's a great dog. I was looking for type first, and he has a beautiful German shorthaired pointer head. Then I moved the dogs up and down to see how they landed on their feet. That pointer came down four square, absolutely square. When I went over him his second thighs were as hard as a rock. You just couldn't get your thumbs into them. That dog was in absolute full bloom. I'd love to get my 12-gauge out of the closet and go out in the field with him tomorrow."

Besides the choice of best-in-show—that happens every year—what was of particular concern last week was the Garden debut of four breeds recently moved up from the miscellaneous class and accorded full recognition by the American Kennel Club. The miscellaneous class might be termed the canine Ellis Island.

The AKC reserves this class for breeds new to the U.S., just off the boat, so to speak. Instead of getting instant citizenship, a breed, though considered pure, is placed in limbo until enthusiasts prove that it has created a certain amount of interest and support.

The evidence is produced, first, by the organization of a breed club, following the AKC bylaws. A stud book must be kept for at least three generations. On occasion, to ensure that there is no hanky-panky, the AKC has required that a photograph must be submitted of every dog entered in the stud book. The club is also required to run a certain number of AKC-sanctioned matches. Finally, the dogs must be placed with enough breeders throughout the country so that the breed is considered to have the necessary support. The rules are somewhat arbitrary since there is no magic number of dogs that assures full recognition. By some divine alchemy, the AKC decides when a breed can leave Ellis Island for the mainland and Westminster. At present, those in the miscellaneous class include the Tibetan spaniel, the Ibizan hound, the Pharaoh hound and the Staffordshire Bull terrier. Curiously, this last one is accorded full recognition in England, New Zealand and Australia, but not here. And to compound the confusion, full AKC status is granted to a breed known as the American Staffordshire terrier, which was originally registered with an obscure outfit known as the United Kennel Club.

To many members of the fancy the four new breeds introduced this year—the akita, the soft-coated wheaten terrier, the Tibetan terrier and the bichon frise—are not only interesting in their own right but also for the light they throw on the diversity of the domesticated dog, *Canis familiaris*, and its amazingly plastic gene pool. It has been altered and shaped by man in astonishing ways in his quest for an animal that will hunt in Japan, or guard the family larder in Ireland or serve as an amusing, spirited and loyal companion in Tibet or the Canary Islands.

The biggest of the four is the akita, and it is a formidable-looking beast, weighing up to 120 pounds. For all of this the akita is not likely to achieve vast popularity. It

continues

Westminster is a magnet. As much as one might deplore the antic behavior or second-guess the judges, be obliged to sidestep the droppings or shove through the crowd, Westminster is as indispensable to dog people as oil to an Arab. Last week more than 3,000 dogs representing 132 breeds and varieties from 45 states were in New York's Madison Square Garden for Westmin-



The best of the bichons frises, Ch. Rani's Eddie caused a stir by upsetting the favorite.

WESTMINSTER *continued*

lingered in the miscellaneous class for 17 years, which indicates that not many people were tempted to push the breed. In fact, akita owners believe that popularity would diminish quality. "Akitas are aggressive toward other dogs," warns Sharon Hansen of Ann Arbor, Mich., who handled her dog, Ch. Akita Tan's Yoro-kubi no Moto CDX (Companion Dog Excellent) to best-of-breed in the Gar-

den. "They were first bred for hunting bears," Barbara Miller of Upper Marlboro, Md. adds, "They're not the dog for everyone."

The akitas, which are said to have Tibetan mastiff and chow blood, originated in Japan, and like the Japanese, they have a reputation for being inscrutable. Anyone interested in owning an akita should make certain that the puppy has a stable temperament. Without stability, the akita is a furred bomb ready to explode at any moment. One aggressive dog in the benching area even threatened passersby, much to the dismay of akita fanciers.

Sharon Hansen's best-of-breed, which answers to the name of Kobi, was the only akita present to have earned a CDX in obedience trials, and although Kobi is the soul of stability, he inspires great respect, as his owner discovered one night on a trip to the post office in downtown Detroit. "I was apprehensive about going there after dark," she says, "but people just moved right out of the way when they saw Kobi." It is often said that dog people resemble their animals. In this regard it may be worth noting that akita owners include Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, TV commentator Howard K. Smith and the daughter of columnist Jack Anderson.

The soft-coated wheaten terrier is an attractive Irish breed that has been

around for several hundred years and is supposed to have figured in the development of the Kerry blue and the Irish terrier. The dog was late in winning recognition because it served without fanfare as a farm dog. During the famine of the 1840s it helped to guard stocks of potatoes, and since it was obedient to silent signals it was used by poachers to supplement the larder with game. On occasion it is called the poor man's Irish wolfhound.

A middle-sized dog of 35 to 40 pounds, the medium-long-coated wheaten requires constant grooming. "More than I ever anticipated!" said Marjorie C. Shoemaker of Hatfield, Pa., whose Ch. Abby's Postage Dhu O'Waterford was best-of-breed. In compensation, the dog does not shed and has next to no doggy odor. It is a breed that requires a firm hand, especially around other dogs. The wheaten will undoubtedly win adherents from Irish Americans who dearly love to dream up outlandish Gaelic names for their animals. Indeed, the most startling names at Westminster belonged to a couple of Irish terriers, Kel Terre's Up the IRA and Sinn Fein Future Shock.

The Tibetan terrier is the most ancient of the newly recognized breeds, going back perhaps 2,000 years. Historically, Tibet has been a rich source of dogs, both as a result of natural stock (the true mastiff, for instance, is believed to have stemmed from the woolly Tibetan wolf, *Canis lupus chanco*) and from the care and attention lavished on dogs in monasteries. Monks raised Tibetan terriers as companion dogs. They never sold them but gave them away as good-luck charms. Tibetans are easygoing and make good house dogs. Their coats, virtually hypoallergenic, have the texture of human hair and require one careful grooming session a week. Strands of hair cover the eyes, affording protection against snow glare in their native land. The claim is sometimes made that the Tibetan terrier was carried west by Mongol armies and then used to help create the puli, the Hungarian sheep dog.

The name Tibetan terrier is a partial monomer applied by an Englishman in the 1920s who thought the dogs looked like terriers. They lack terrier-type teeth, however, and they do not dig as do terriers, whose name derives from the Latin

Peekaboo, this is Ch. Abby's Postage Dhu O'Waterford, a wheaten terrier, Me's who

ranterd



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ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICK DILLON

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terra, earth. Moreover, the Tibetan breed does not have the feisty terrier temperament. There is some sentiment, according to Eileen Wilk of Camp Springs, Md., whose Konstan's Adam Bu-Tsa Lhor went best-of-breed, to change the name to Tibetan holy dog, the term used in Tibet.

Robert E. Taylor, chairman of the Westminster show and himself the owner of two Tibetan terriers, says that it is "a very natural type of dog." It stands four square, legs in proportion to its body, and the head measures the same distance from the nose to the stop in front of the eyes as it does from the stop to the occipital bone in the back of the skull. Despite this 1-to-1 head ratio, the Tibetan is believed to be the progenitor of the Lhasa Apso (which has a 1-to-3 head ratio), the Shih Tzu (1-to-5) and even the Pekingese (1-to-13), all of which, Taylor points out, were the result of controlled programs that Orientals are fond of conducting, whether working with dogs, pokey goldfish or bonsai trees.

The akita, wheaten and Tibetan are all unusually handsome animals, but the biggest hit at Westminster was almost certainly the tiny bichon frise. The name is pronounced bee-shown free-zay, and it means, in rough translation from the French, cute and curly. This breed is destined for stardom; it was in the miscellaneous class only 18 months. At Westminster there were 35 entries, an extraordinarily high number for a newcomer. Best-of-breed, Ch. Rank's Eddie, owned by New York lawyer Robert A. Koepel, came fourth in the nonsporting group, a surprisingly high placement. Moreover, veteran dog writer Herm David reports that the Greenwich Village set, an informal but reliable barometer of dog status, has given up poodles in favor of the bichon frise, which now joins Afghans, Irish setters, Lhasa Apsos and Shih Tzus as an "in" breed. On top of all this, the puppy mills, rightfully despised, have gotten hold of bichons frises, indicating their potential market. This is an ominous sign that prompts Barbara Stubbs of La Jolla, Calif., past president of the Bichon Frise Club of America, to caution, "Buy your dog from a reputable breeder, not a pet shop." She adds hopefully, "The one thing that is going to protect the breed from explo-



Hard to make head or tail of, Konstan's Adam Bu-Tsa Lhor was the top Tibetan terrier.

itation is that the dog is white and needs a good deal of grooming."

With its round imploring eyes and zesty spirit, the bichon frise is immensely appealing. It is the kind of dog Walt Disney might have designed; MGM would have used it in old Ann Rutherford movies. Says Barbara Swan, an 18-year-old from Greenwich, Conn. who has a pet bichon frise named Andy, "He bops around. He's very playful and energetic, but he has sense. He seems to know what you think. He's smart and he's quiet when he's supposed to be. A lot of little dogs are frou-frou, but Andy isn't. No doggy coats or painted nails." Tom Costello of Floral Park, N.Y., whose wife breeds bichons frises, says, "They have a big-dog temperament."

The bichon frise was first established in Tenerife, in the Canary Islands. Sailors brought them to Spain and France, where King Henry III took a liking to the dogs. The ladies of his court used to carry them in baskets hung around their necks. The breed was first imported to the U.S. in 1959 by enthusiasts in Wisconsin who later moved to San Diego. Nowadays it is especially popular in California, Chicago, Virginia, New York and the New England states.

The pre-Westminster favorite for best-of-breed was Ch. Chamniades Syncopation, otherwise called Snidely Whiplash, owned by Mrs. William Tabler of Glen

Head, N.Y. However, the judge, Melbourne T. L. Downing, known by some as Jack the Giant Killer, picked Ch. Rank's Eddie in an upset that caused a considerable stir. The decision did not in the least dismay Snidely Whiplash. Back in his crate on the bench, Snidely Whiplash remained perky, so much so that a proper matron who was passing by stopped to coo, "I'm a poodle person but I love you, love you, love you!" **END**



Best akita, a stately Japanese breed, was the alert Ch. Akita Tan's Yarakobi no Moro GDX.

BOLD BLADES FROM SEA TO SEA

In one puck-happy week a reporter exploring the hockey boom sees a phenom in Canada, baans in Boston, Illinois lib, Iced Peanut out West, Minnesota madness and an Orr in a minor key **by MARK MULVOY**

For every player in hockey's major leagues there are 10,000 others—young and old, male and female—beating pucks around the rinks of North America. So precious is the available ice, at some rinks they play from midnight to midnight, resplendent in uniforms with the colors of their favorite big league teams. In any winter week a man

with an open plane ticket and the stomach for undercooked miniature filets and coffee milkshakes can witness the game at every level. Come along for the view in coldest February; the plane is leaving for Toronto, where there is a rental car that is waiting to take us to the frost-bitten community of Oshawa.

SUNDAY, Canadian Graffiti has nothing to do with carhops or roller skates; it is a junior hockey game in the Oshawa Civic Auditorium. The temperature is one above zero in downtown Oshawa, a city of 90,000 some 30 miles northeast of To-

ronto, and it is almost as cold inside the arena, so the crowd keeps warm by making enough noise to be heard in Vancouver. Mothers and fathers wearing Oshawa Generals lapel buttons swig coffee from Thermoses—or more potent stuff from pocket flasks. Kids wait in line for slices of mushroom pizza. Ten years ago a 15-year-old, towheaded defenseman named Bobby Orr introduced Oshawa to junior hockey, and ever since the citizens have had an eye out for another. The latest "new Orr" in Oshawa is 19-year-old Bill Lochead (pronounced La-head), who stands 6'1", weighs 190 pounds, looks like the Chicago Black Hawks'

BEANPOT tooling accompanies a Harvard triumph, a bare-armed junior whiz awaits action, two ladies grace a male bastion and a felines cartoonist temporarily trades pens for pucks.



crawler, Keith Magnuson, and scores nearly a goal a game for the Generals. A right-handed shot who plays left wing, Lochead will be among the first three players selected in the NHL's amateur draft this year, which means he probably will play next season for one of the incoming expansion teams, Washington or Kansas City, or last-place California. "I don't have a great shot like Richard Martin of Buffalo," Lochead says, sounding almost apologetic. "I score most of my goals from right around the net. I guess I'm a lot like Phil Esposito."

Cheered on by the raucous crowd, Lochead gets two goals in Oshawa's 5-1 victory over Ottawa. For the first he waits patiently behind the Ottawa net until the puck arrives, then moves in front and slides a forehand shot past the startled goaltender. For his second Lochead displays what scouts call his "NHL move." He breaks down the left wing, turns to the outside, skates around a defenseman, cuts back inside and flares the puck past the goaltender just before crashing into the post. "I've still got some improving to do," Lochead says, "especially on my defensive play." True. He obviously thinks checking is solely connected with banking.

The Generals pay Lochead the standard junior salary of \$60 a week, and he earns another \$100 for 30 hours of filing at Gen-Auto Shippers. His major expenses are \$25 a week for room and board, \$10 for gas and whatever he spends on beer. He recently borrowed "a few thousand dollars" so he could buy a new Firebird, his fourth car in three years. Anticipating a financial windfall when he signs in the big leagues, probably \$400,000 over three years, Lochead says, "Believe me, it's a wealthy feeling."

MONDAY. It is the opening night of the Beanpot, the annual college hockey shootout among Harvard, Northeastern, Boston University and Boston College. The champion wins bragging rights around Boston for the next 12 months, as well as an authentic beanpot. Outside the Harvard dressing room in the Boston Garden, Billy Cleary, the Crimson coach, is saying, "I wouldn't walk across the street to see a professional hockey game." The night before, Cleary had walked across Causeway Street and into the Garden to see a game between the Bruins and the Pittsburgh Penguins. Two of Cleary's 1973 Harvard stars, Dave Hynes and Bob McManama, were play-

ing with the Bruins and the Penguins, respectively. "We used to graduate Nobel Prize winners and Rhodes scholars," says V. Ambrose Harrington, Harvard '40. "Now it's hockey players."

Cleary insists "college hockey is a faster and better game than pro," and while the 23 pro scouts scattered around the Garden may not agree with that assessment, they are impressed by today's collegiate talent in the U.S. "We have to be," says Bruin Scout John Carlton, "because the Canadian base is shrinking." Besides Hynes and McManama, two other 1973 Beanpot skaters—B.C.'s Tom Mellor and B.U.'s Paul O'Neil—have played for NHL teams this season. There are nearly 30 former collegians on NHL rosters, while WHA games look like alumni-club bashes. The New England Whalers won the WHA championship last year with four players from B.C., two from B.U., one from Colgate and one from the University of New Hampshire.

In the Beanpot's opening game B.U. destroys Northeastern 6-1. "My team would make the playoffs if it had B.U.'s discipline, control and common sense," remarks one NHL scout, B.C. vs. Harvard is next, and when these schools meet the emotional highs rival those

continued



of Texas-Oklahoma football. The Harvards think the B.C. boys should drink their beer over on Beacon Street, not in Harvard Square, while the B.C. boys think the Harvards still overdo the Brooks Brothers button-downact. As the game begins there are more Harvard followers than B.C. boosters in the Garden, and the Harvard band drowns out the B.C. band in their first confrontation. On the ice the Harvards break a 3-3 tie on Bob Goodenow's penalty-shot goal in the second period, then pummel B.C. 11-6 in a game that is not as close as the score indicates. If B.C. goaltender Ned Yetten had not delivered a premier Horatio performance, Harvard would have scored 20 goals. "Wait and see," Carlton says. "I'll bet you some seat here puts Yetten's name on his club's negotiation list within 24 hours." (Harvard wins the Beanpot a week later by upsetting B.U. 5-4.)

TUESDAY. The Squirt League game in Oak Lawn, Ill., near Chicago, is scoreless late in the first period when a tiny defenseman in a red and white uniform fires a slap shot from the blue line. Coming from nowhere, Terry Philbin, who

plays for the team in the green and yellow uniforms, dives feet first at the flying puck and redirects it out toward center ice. As play continues, Terry hobbles to the bench on one skate and starts to cry, "My foot, my foot." Theresa Philbin, 16, is in pain. "Shake it off," mumbles one of her male chavvinist teammates, "you're not going to die or anything." Two minutes later the little brunette is back in the game, and to celebrate her return she elbows the boy whose shot hit her foot.

Temperamental Terry and blonde, seven-year-old Melissa (Mike) Krolak have introduced lib to the otherwise all-male program at the Saints Spectrum. "They treat me like one of the boys," Terry says. "They tell me, 'You stink, Philbin,' when I hit them too hard." Melissa broke the sex barrier a year ago, although her teammates did not realize that "Mike" was a Melissa until the end of the season. "I was spending all my time here at the rink," says Bob Krolak, Melissa's father, who directs the program, "and my wife told me I wasn't being fair to Melissa. In other words, either Melissa played hockey or we got a divorce. I figured it was cheaper to have Melissa play hockey." So Krolak put "Mike" on the Bruins team in the Mite League. "I got dressed in my uniform at home," Melissa says, "and I always put on my helmet before I came into the rink. The boys never knew I was a girl, and they wouldn't know now if my mother hadn't made me wear a dress to the banquet last year. You should have seen the looks on their faces."

While Melissa plays, Krolak has a bitter argument with a father who claims his eight-year-old son does not get enough ice time. "My boy's the best player on the team," the father says, "and he should be playing twice as much as the other kids." Krolak shakes his head in disgust as the father walks away. "I've had it," he says. "Parents are the kids' worst enemies. They don't do anything except criticize. They live on half-truths and rumors. They come here once a week, yet they know everything about hockey. This man here can't get it through his head that we want recreation, not competition, for these kids. All he cares about is seeing his own score 50

goals. We just try to give them all equal time. I can't wait for the Little League season to begin."

WEDNESDAY. We are off to see Andy Hebenon, the iron man of hockey. In 22 years he has missed only two of his teams' 1,652 games. He played a record 630 consecutive NHL games before the Toronto Maple Leafs released him to the minor leagues in 1965. Hebenon, now 44, is scheduled to play tonight for the Portland Buckaroos against the San Diego Gulls. Andy makes the game, naturally. We miss it. Photographer John Hanlon and I are snowbound at Chicago's O'Hare Airport through the afternoon and evening. The weather grounds all flights that could have landed us in Portland in time for even part of the game. We try now for San Francisco. With midnight approaching, United has rescheduled our departure for the 1,652nd time.

THURSDAY. We have had a nightmarish few hours of sleep on the plane, but it is considerably warmer in San Francisco than it was in Chicago, Boston and Oshawa. We drive north on Route 101 to Snoopy Place in Santa Rosa.

Charles (Sparky) Schulz, the creator of Charlie Brown and friends, is a frustrated hockey player from St. Paul. So frustrated that he has built his own \$2 million rink—with Snoopy etched into the stained-glass windows—across the street from his private office building and private tennis court on Snoopy Place. Schulz, 51 and trim, plays in three hockey games each week and referees three others. "I'm a certified American Hockey Association referee," he says proudly in the lounge at the rink. "Like all officials, I've been hit on the shins on purpose and I've been spit—spit!—upon by players. But the parents are monstrous. One night I kicked a parent out because he called me a creep after I'd nailed his kid with a cross-checking penalty. I wouldn't have cared if he had said, 'The ref's a creep,' but he said, 'Schulz is a creep,' and that was too personal."

Schulz plays mostly in semi-organized pickup games with his son Monte, a couple of airline pilots, some local insurance brokers, the business manager of the Santa Rosa Press-Democrat and his three sons and, as Monte says, "a lot of kids who bum around like me." "I haven't set up a league," Schulz says, "because that would establish rivalries. The games



A DASH of glimmer from the Hall of Fame in Minnesota, a state in a state about hockey.

are rough enough as it is. I got butt-ended in the chest three years ago and it hurt for six months. And last week one of the guys tried to blind-side me into the goal-post because he didn't like the way I had knocked him over backward the week before.

"I find hockey to be a necessity. I go out on the ice for an hour and forget everything. What's really strange, though, is seeing these kids growing up and becoming better than me. Only a few years ago I used to go out to the garage and show Monte how to shoot. Now he's got a great slap shot and mine's, well, not so great anymore." Last winter Schulz played in the 40-and-over Senior Olympics hockey tournament in Los Angeles: he has no plans for a return engagement. "We got beat 15-7," he says, "but I played my heart out. I got an elbow in the eye and took an awful physical beating. I had muscle aches that didn't go away for four months." He laughs. "I wish I could find a tournament for 50-year-old players. Then I'd show them."

Not all of Schulz' aches are muscular. "I built this beautiful rink strictly for the use of the people of Santa Rosa," he says, "and would you believe they sent me a \$40,000 tax bill the other day?" He is irate, too, at the way teams have destroyed the visitors' dressing room at the rink. "I've learned that you should give the visiting teams a rock room with a bare bench," he says. "If they happen to lose a close game, they feel they have to punch their sticks through the walls."

Schulz drives to Oakland Friday nights when the California Golden Seals play at home. "In a way the games are a big insult," he says. "They aren't on television here, but they are interrupted to let visiting teams fit commercials into their telecasts back home."

The Zamboni has finished resurfacing the ice, and Schulz leads 20 players out for a pickup game, which means 80 minutes of continuous high-sticking, tripping, boarding, elbowing and goal-scoring. He wears a helmet and a mouth guard and, "to show my great humility as a player," a New York Islanders jersey. Schulz' team wins 11-3. He scores one goal, on a deft deflection at the net, and collects three or four assists as well as some new bruises. "Not bad for a 51-year-old right wing," he says afterward in the parking lot. He laughs, then gets into his car. "Here's the world famous

hockey player," he says, "driving from the game in his Jaguar."

FRIDAY. Getting from Snoopy Lane in Santa Rosa, Calif. to the U.S. Hockey Hall of Fame with its glistening trophies on Hai Trick Avenue in Eveleth, Minn. and then to Bob Zimmerman's old hang-out in the back room at the Androy Hotel in Hibbing in six hours is, well, no easy hat trick. Bob Zimmerman never played hockey for Hibbing High School. "That's probably why he changed his name to Bob Dylan," says one of the Androy's cocktail waitresses. "If he kept the name Bob Zimmerman, people around here would still know him as the kid who didn't play high school hockey."

Just as high school football is religion in Texas, so is high school hockey in Minnesota, particularly here in the Iron Range, an ethnic cauldron of Serbs, Italians, Finns, Slovenes, Croats and Swedes, with a few sprigs of Irish for seasoning. The Iron Range Conference is the best high school league in the country: Hibbing has won the state title the last two years and recognition as the No. 1 team in the U.S. The Bluejackets are currently No. 4 in the polls. Tonight they are playing the No. 2 team, the Virginia Blue Devils, from 20 miles down the road.

More than 4,200 Minnesotans jam the Hibbing Memorial Building. Three people press into every two places on the benches, and the overflow crowds seep deep into aisles and corners. Banners are everywhere: BLUT DEVILS ARE RED NECKS. BURN THE DEVILS AND SEND THEM BACK TO YOU KNOW WHERE. The invaders from Virginia quiet the crowd, though, by dominating the early play and skating to a 3-1 lead, backed by the sensational goaltending of Brad Halar. But the referees whistle three successive penalties on Virginia players in the third period, and Hibbing sends the game into overtime by scoring twice in the last five minutes. A sudden-death period begins, and there is so much tension that the Virginia cheerleaders never stop crying. But neither the Bluejackets nor the Blue Devils can score in the overtime, and at the end the Virginia players understandably are happier than their Hibbing rivals. Virginia still may be only No. 2 in Minnesota, but Hibbing is No. 4, and who could ask for anything more? Back at the Androy the hockey fans are subdued. "I've got a funny feeling we're

not going to take home the bacon again this year," says one. "Ah, well, let's have a drink."

SATURDAY. The old bus pulls up to the rear door of the Cambria County War Memorial Arena in Johnstown, Pa., and the general manager of the Become Dusters, out of Binghamton, N.Y., leads his players into a dingy dressing room. Over the entrance to the room is a life-size picture of Bobby Orr. "That Orr kid has some good moves," says the general manager. "We could use him for a couple of weeks. He'd get us into the playoffs, that's for sure."

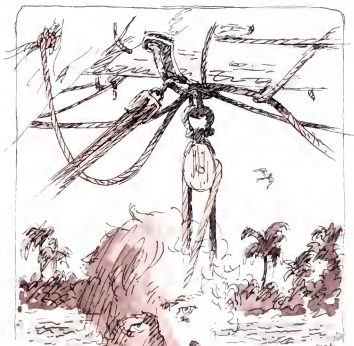
The general manager is Ron Orr, Bobby's brother. Ron is 26, a year older than Bobby, and he could pass for his twin. "I've always looked up to Bobby," Ron says. "If I had had his desire, I think I could have made it as a player, too."

The Dusters, a first-year team in the North American Hockey League, are battling Johnstown for the fourth and last playoff position. "We carry 17 players on the roster," Orr says, "and pay them between \$180 and \$300 a week. Sometimes I think we treat them too well. We also give them a new car to use during the season, and they don't pay for anything in Binghamton because our fans always beat them to the check. Next year I'm going to try to be a little tougher with them." The toughness will be tempered with understanding. "If a kid doesn't make it in this league," Orr says, "there's no place else for him to play."

As the game begins, Orr takes a seat directly behind the Dusters' bench. "I never get excited over the game, just at the referees," he says. Not 10 seconds later Orr yells "Meathead" at an official who makes a bad call. Seventy-five meatheads later, the Dusters are trailing the Johnstown Jets 4-3, with less than six minutes to play. "I'm leaving," Orr says. "Sometimes when I go under the stands and have a smoke we score a goal. Maybe it will happen now." Sure enough, with Orr pausing the corridors and chain-smoking cigarettes, the Dusters get the tying goal, and after a scoreless 10-minute overtime period the game ends 4-4.

Orr is ecstatic. He walks off to phone the result to the three radio stations, two television stations and two newspapers back in Binghamton. "After this I've got only one more thing to do," he says. "Buy the beer for the six-hour bus ride back home."

END



IN THE FACTORY OF THE MIND

It was there he built his boat from the blueprints of an ancient mariner, where he learned the craft he came to love

by **THOMAS MCGUANE**

Do you know what it is to be boat sick? To hang upside down through a hatchway to see how they put that shapely cedar planking through the turn at the hinges? To watch someone take hot white oak frames out of the steam box and bend them down against the form so that when they've cooled they bear the transept of the hull's flowing sheer, yet hold the shaped planking against green, wind-driven sea water, against careenings, groundings and the attritional violence of years' usage? Have you ever walked on a laid teak deck, sprung to the sheer, then fitted to a king plank at the center as though all the planking had grown that way, gathering in sweeps

around the catwalks, up the foredeck and around the samson post with passionate simplicity? Now, once you have seen that, do you know how to keep from offering the traditional arm and a leg for some authentic artifact of a very old allegiance between wood and water?

In 1948, L. Francis Herreshoff, the mandarin genius of American yacht design, issued from his literal castle at Marblehead a set of plans for what he called a poor man's yacht, designed for those "who can visualize a different type of yachting than ocean racing." Today, when a great number of the stock sailboats available are compromised for the cruising sailor by designs that aim to capitalize on gaps in racing regulations and rating systems, Herreshoff's dictum has a certain pungency, and the sailor with even the vaguest esthetics turns with refreshment from the emetic details of the swollen, winch-encrusted racers to the wholesome lines of this poor man's yacht.

Herreshoff called his creation the Meadow Lark, a shoal-draft boat that could, he said, "skim over the marshes and meadows as the joyful bird of that name does over many of our fields which border the Atlantic." The boat derived in main from the old New Haven sharpies, fast, capable, hard-chine oyster boats that were popular in the 19th century. And it quite possibly derived from the experiments of Commodore Ralph Munroe, a south Florida pioneer who in the late 19th century built the legendary Presto-boats.

The Meadow Lark was ketch-rigged, 33 feet long and, instead of a keel or centerboard, had leeboards like the Dutch Boxer yachts, wooden things that are alternately dropped and lifted when tacking. The draft of the boat was 15 inches, a wondrous fact in a 33-foot sailboat and a statistic which opened a world of cruising grounds that seldom see a sailboat.

The Meadow Lark, said Herreshoff, was for those who would like to spend their vacations "in pleasure." It is amusing to speculate upon those who like to spend their vacations otherwise. One suspects that here Herreshoff again meant the racing sailors, surfing the big scream-

ers with their sail bins, tower-of-power spinners, and wilderness of madhouse equipment with names like "reaching struts," "shroud relieves," "spider blocks" and "boom vang tangs." It is reasonable to wonder if someone sailing away on a two-speed Barent pedestal winch is spending his vacation in pleasure, or (you see the old man in his Marblehead stone tower, grinning) in pain.

One thing Americans have done surpassingly well is design boats, and the apotheosis of this national trait is in larger-than-life figures like the Herreshoffs (Capt. Nat and L. Francis), S. S. Crocker, William Atkin and John Alden, to name a few peaks. The moment you tune in to an activity like sailing and sense the variability of esthetics and performance and finally the long, noble tradition of preoccupation in its unbroken stream, you begin to sense there is something beyond sport and pleasurable vacations.

The Meadow Lark is almost an aside in Herreshoff's career, though the old man, with his penchant for variety (from sail skis to serene canoe yawls to world sojourners like the *Marco Polo*), is a little hard to pin down. Where today's highly trained naval architect will describe some negative trait in a boat's performance in terms of, say, section and flow, Herreshoff will simply note that it is "annoying" and tell you how it is avoided. The annoying is to be avoided just as the vacation is to be spent in pleasure. The best thing when you are out at night in a strange anchorage is "not to be worried." That sounds simple enough, but the sailor who has watched the compass shift slightly with a dragging anchor in the darkness and the ocean rumbling spookily on a lee shore knows that to sleep without worry is a concept clogged with meaning.

Key West is a lovely noisy town. A realtor once told me not to worry about the fantastic racket in the drumlike 19th century house she was showing me; the exhaust pipe of every car that passed in the street outside seemed to be routed via some stereophonic magic into every room. "You use the air conditioners to drown out the noise," she explained. And

since Key West is surrounded by water, I found myself concentrating upon the theme of silence as the principal verity of the eternal sea. The eternal sea has other verities, but in a bustling, Lullmate town like Key West, silence is the Big Mame.

For me this was the fissure through which boatlust entered. Marine reading increased to the point that my bedside looked like headquarters for the junior-high paper drive. I would have eleven-seventeen vessels, if I could, and in my spare time I would build a lissome traditional schooner, thousands of feet of deck and planking pouring from my backyard miter box.

Instead, I built a dinghy which the designer called "the acme of simplicity." I fitted secondhand fire hose from the Key West Fire Department to its gunwales so my six-year-old could ram things, as is his wont. The boat worked fine. Then he wanted a window in its bottom, so I installed one. At the relaunching the dinghy headed for the bottom, so I slobbered aquarium sealer all over it and it floated, the sea's eternal verities passing the plate-glass window.

But while I rapped through the three sheets of exterior grade plywood that comprised, finally, the dinghy proper, I was seeing ketches, schooners and yawls slipping down the ways into green seas whose silence was not a byproduct of air conditioning. I knew in my heart that at the very moment my wife was asking me not to get glue on the furniture, some cheerful circumnavigator was hustling a magnum of Mumm's on the oaken stem of an ocean-going brute.

My fantasy had finally focused itself. It took little originality for me to worship Herreshoff's sense of line. And living in an island city surrounded by so much thin water—the city's earliest economy was based on salvage—called out for a shoal-draft boat in a voice reminiscent of the noise of oak against coral, a gargling squeal not even approached by the late Janis Joplin. Everything pointed to a Meadow Lark. I instinctively trusted Herreshoff's desire that its owner spend his time aboard "in pleasure" and not be "annoyed."

continued

But what was the use? I didn't see how I could afford to have one built, though a handsome glass model was being turned out on Buzzards Bay in Massachusetts. The state of Florida doesn't have a great nose for traditional boat building, so unless I could convert to a taste for pop-top cabins and LSD color schemes, I would just have to keep a lone-some eye on used-boat columns.

I did so for a long time and once in a while a Crocker or an Alden or another Herreshoff would surface among the two-seater runabouts, the metal flake zombecraft guaranteed to blow every rich orthodontist off the lake or your money back, if your lawyer is good.

Sometimes I would see pictures of Meadow Larks in remote places and my whole heart would go *gimwe*. I was a sick acquirer in a capitalist madhouse. I'd pick up a boat magazine looking for a Meadow Lark at rest in a summery Nova Scotian cove, its owner visibly spending his vacation in pleasure. Instead, I'd find a fold-out advertisement of a pea-green multihull powerboat tailwalking across the wakes of other pea-green multihulls, the drivers all looking strangely annoyed. In another, a boatman rose from what looked like either a half-swamped torpedo or a scale model of the *Merrimack*, and aimed a fiber-glass crossbow at a sleeping carp. These boats weren't called

Meadow Lark or Friendship or Bluenose or Sharpe or Skippack, in the old manner. They were called things like Avanti, Sport Fury, Cobalt, Marauder, Luger and Mark IV. In their ads, sweet little things surrounded the control panels with their piquant breasts. They are removed from the boat after the sale or I wouldn't be talking this way.

I did know that when I bought a boat I didn't want to discuss the "standard accessory grouping" and I didn't want a day in it to be a sort of space probe. I didn't want a floating vinyl madhouse backed up by 56 distributor centers where I could stand in line with my dissatisfaction printed out in 25 words or less. Reading Joshua Slocum caused me to undervalue boats that were presented as, for example, fully carpeted. One boat company claimed its product as a modern classic because its interior was color coded. Another company said their product was the only choice for "blowing the others out of the water." Its performance was described with simple American eloquence as "hellacious." I couldn't quite appreciate boats whose various enigmatic details were "foamed in place." I didn't want to be "the superstar of revolutionary performance features." It had long since occurred to me that none of Herreshoff's boats were equipped with Flo-Torg. And the discovery that the

builder of your boat was a division of a company like General Foods was, I thought, potentially disconcerting. Who do you call if she goes to the bottom? Betty Crocker? Aunt Jemima?

"You won't believe this!" I disemboweled the *Miami Herald* with an abrupt, clawing gesture. Then my wife and I had one of those epiphanies familiar to television watchers: you put down your fork, elevate your eyes no farther than the napkin; and you know it is over (your marriage, your nation, your belief in an afterlife, et cetera, all related to the putting down of a fork, the cracking of a toothpick or something along those lines).

My voice, crying out, "You won't believe this!" still seemed to hang in the air. My wife's eyes grazed off among the familiar appliances of an American breakfast. Her lips parted for a moment before she spoke:

"There is a used Meadow Lark in the paper."

"How could you have known that?"

"Oh, dear God. . ."

You wonder about the money and where it is going to come from. You look at your child and suddenly he seems to be eating too much. Even the dog and cat . . . glutting themselves.

But you catch yourself at these thoughts. You nurse a certain unspeakable dread behind baleful eyes which you arrange like forlorn olives in the Peter Lorre manner. Similar eyes—expressing withdrawn hope interchangeably with shattered dreams—have been used to great effect beneath elms, in simple rock gardens and in old, rather ornate elevators of a kind once found in New York hotels. Sonchow—and let me be the first to confess this—they just didn't come off among the English muffins and Smacker's marmalade jars.

My wife said, "Why don't you give him a call?"

I remarked that a telephone that never hurt anybody, then whirled the dial with my forefinger.

The owner of the boat possessed a certain gift for meticulous description. He started with the hull, rigging and general equipment, then went on to lay out the cabin from companionway to forepeak. It had been built with meticulous attention to Herreshoff's plans: white oak frames, double planked longleaf yellow pine bottom, white cedar side and ma-

continued



THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8 (Its buyers demanded the best.)



The Car:

the extremely rare 1930 Ruxton Phaeton, with front-wheel drive and 100-hp engine. Only about 200 Ruxtons were built.

The Whiskey:

that elegant straight-8, Walker's Deluxe. Smoothly impressive bourbon made from choicest grain and aged 8 years to perfect maturity. Its buyers demand the best.

WALKER'S
DELUXE
That elegant straight-8





**Mardi Gras parades are works of art,
labors of love, a challenge for all.**

The crowds of people spill over the pavements. Necks crane from filigreed balcony railings. The music, as it passes, swells with the song, "If Ever I Cease to Love." And voices cry out: "Throw me something, mister."

The request seems to be universal, as thousands of hands grasp at the air to catch strings of beads or a doubloon flung from a passing float. There are dragons and denizens of the deep in the streets.

And why shouldn't there be? The place is New Orleans. And the time is the last exhilarating days of Carnival season. Those maddest and merriest days before Ash Wednesday known as the Mardi Gras season. Mardi Gras, French for "Fat Tuesday," is celebrated in many places, but its festivities are second nature to New Orleans.

CNA has a ball insuring them.



Preparations for the grand balls and parades start almost a year in advance, and require the planning and participation of specialists of all kinds. The Continental Casualty Company, a member company of CNA/insurance, has been one of them for over ten years, providing Accident and Medical Expense coverage to Mardi Gras participants. From paraders to truckdrivers. From marching bands to the Mystic Kings of Carnival. That goes for all two weeks of the great Mardi Gras parades, day and night.

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One of life's little luxuries.

We built the new Valiant Brougham for people who want the comfort of a luxury car, and the economy and size of a compact car.

The Car.

Valiant Brougham is designed to have plenty of room for six passengers. But it's not too big. It's a tough little Plymouth compact with the kind of luxuries you'd never expect to find in a compact.

The luxuries.

Imagine settling comfortably into Valiant Brougham's parchment colored, crushed velour bucket seats with center armrest. (Or, if you prefer, there's a crushed velour bench seat).

There is an instrument panel with a wood-grained look, complete with radio; there's also cut pile carpeting, map pockets behind the front seat, and assist straps left and right. The total impression is that at many European luxury cars. Standard features like this assure you, Valiant Brougham is not an ordinary compact.



Crushed velour bucket seats.

The engineering.

You'll find such engineering features as torsion-bar suspension. Unibody construction. And an Electronic

Ignition System that has no points or condenser to replace. You'll also find such standard equipment as: power steering, disc brakes, and automatic transmission.

The gas mileage.

This is the one time Valiant Brougham doesn't act like a luxury car. You may order it with a standard six cylinder engine. After all, saving gas is stylish, too.

See your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. He'll tell you about the advantages of owning a small car like Valiant Brougham. It's the kind of luxury you can afford.



Valiant Brougham.
One of eight great
small car buys from Plymouth.



hogarty journey. The mast trucks and leeboard fittings had been made by L. Francis himself in his Marblehead workshop.

I wondered if I would be able to bear to go up to see it, what with the child and the pets eating like there was no tomorrow, not to mention my wife's Sahilyne remarks flung at me like cracking toothpicks over the stormade. I decided to have a look.

I met the owner at Matheson Hammock, where his boat, still bearing its Marblehead trailboards, stood out among the sailing Clorox bottles like a sore thumb. The sails were neatly hidden in covers and the balyards tapped lightly on the two naked white masts. In a way quite different from my three-shafts-of-plywood dinghy, the Meadow Lark was the acme of simplicity. Save the ignition system of the auxiliary engine, the boat was devoid of electrical wiring. The cabin lights were oil, so were the running and riding lights. I agonized over that cabin with its bowed, coach roof and chaste white paint. And under the cockpit sole and the floorboards of the cabin the bilge was sweet and dry, bearing that final distinction of a well-planked hull-cowbells.

Calvinist reserve and a near-perfect capability for imagining disaster kept me from a prompt decision. The boat owner quite understood and lent me Herreshoff's plans for perusal.

I went back to Key West to make up my mind. My home had achieved the atmosphere of an isolation booth on a quiz show. I spoke to my family as though from behind a thick plate of glass.

I thought the boat. All I had to do was bring it 150 miles from his house to my house and that would be that. But I hadn't sailed in 15 years and in nothing larger than boats half the size of the Meadow Lark. Two friends agreed to go up with me, and the owner would give us a brief shakedown on handling the boat. But when we got there, the owner, unfortunately, had broken his foot, all he could do was hand over the documents, the key to the auxiliary and a map of the utterly Byzantine contours of Biscayne Bay. We took three days coming down to Key West. We were becalmed, spent hours under small craft warnings, with the lee rail pouring foam, were becalmed again and finally, rarity of rarities in the Keys, we were caught in a fog. We listened to the lug diesel of shrimp boats

moving about us and knew we could be run over almost before we saw a boat coming. We were nearly home but took a straight upshore tack to see if we could tell where we were by fetching up on the beach at some point we'd recognize.

We headed through the cotton, under power, totally disoriented. Suddenly the mangroves were in front of us and we were in two feet of water. Saddle-bunch Key. We knew where we were but night was falling and we had some distance to go. We headed out of the shallows, where but for the extraordinary shoal capabilities of the Meadow Lark we'd have gone aground, and darkness fell in fog around us.

Finally, the lights of the desalination plant appeared like a switchboard in the sky and we turned in to Stock Island and a safe mooring. Toward the end the wind had blown weirdly through the fog and we sailed blind at a pace that was unnerving. Then we were in and secured. We fussed over the springlines, gave the Meadow Lark one last look and headed home.

The last thing to be done before attempting to fit the big sharpie into our routine was to make an extensive shakedown cruise: not me and my competent companions but me and my family, including a hysterical if glamorous hard dog named Molly.

We began to get things ready: fresh water, groceries, charts, books and blankets, a collecting net for our son, dog food and a first-aid kit. As we prepared, the weather got steadily worse. It rose to Condition Two and stayed there. We kept eating the perishables among our trip groceries and replacing them and waiting and eating the perishables again. Every morning we got up, one ear on the wind, and sure enough it would continue to howl and the dry palm leaves rattled against the house and the same iron sky poured at us from the northwest at 40 miles an hour.

We decided to go anyway. Our plan was to sail west to Boca Grande and look for a protected anchorage there. We loaded the latest groceries into the car and deliberately took the shore road to Stock Island, where the boat was docked. Breakers were rolling toward Key West from the horizon and the only craft we saw, commercial fishing boats, appeared and disappeared in explosions of white water.

continued

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The groceries went into the *Meadow Lark*, and I started the auxiliary, noticing the clatter of shrouds and rigging overhead. We freed the lines, reversed into the basin and picked our way out through the commercial fishing boats crowded in because of the weather. At the end of the long channel by the desalinization plant, I could see the weather and white water, but we'd been waiting a week or more and we were just going to go.

The last protected water swept by us. We were still under power when we hit the first big waves. The boat began lifting and plunging down through it. A couple of times green water broke over the deck and poured down and out the seepers in an organized way; most of the heavy spray that we knocked into the air blew across the deck ahead of the house. We stayed fairly dry.

I wanted to get out of the commercial channel before attempting to get the sails up, but by chance I glanced at the engine temperature gauge. Perhaps I had smelted something first. The water pump had failed and the engine was dangerously overheating.

I shut it off and we lay in the seaway, heaving with the rollers that passed under us as they raced for the Key West shore. I rigged our heaviest anchor on the foredeck in case the worst happened and we got blown toward the beach. The beach itself was making a low rumble to our right and we could see the green water race, elevate, whiten and break on the shore.

I put a reef in the mizzen and raised it. The main and mizzen on the *Meadow Lark* are rigged with small gaffs, so I felt like a one-armed paperhanger keeping the two halyards in order while the wind tried to wrap them around the masts. Once the mizzen was up and trimmed, the boat turned like a weather vane into the wind and hove to. I began to feel in control. I put up the working jib and immediately the boat swung out of the eye of the wind and began to sail, always a magical moment. A part of you still asks, why are we moving upward?

At this point my dog Molly, who had long stared at me in complete distrust and antipathy, began to howl. But I sat down at the tiller and purposefully headed us for Boca Grande. Eventually, my helmman brought her howling to a stop and she went back to bed. And my own

thoughts of baiting crawfish traps with her carcass passed, too.

Even under jib and jigger, the *Meadow Lark* made good speed, and we sailed along the Key West shore a mile or so out. In the green breaking troughs, and screaming sea gulls, the wind singing in the shrouds, I kept looking shoreward and feeling the mordinate contrast of traffic, passing buses and well-rooted trees.

My next zone of fear was Northwest Channel, the main ship channel. We had to cross at to get to the area of uninhabited islands, at the end of which lay the long, verdant island of Boca Grande with its beach and shelter. I knew a spring tide would be falling toward the Atlantic and that seas would be especially heavy there.

Right at the corner where the island meets the channel and where a point of shoal ground has built up from tidal action, a New York fireboat at least a hundred feet long had gone aground. The fireboat was headed south to be converted into a yacht and had landed on the spoil bank. To seaward of the fireboat, about a quarter of a mile behind, an ocean-going tugboat was maneuvering. I decided to tack between the stern of the fireboat and the tug.

We started our tack, sailing toward the bleak-looking ship as the seas beat into its side. We were about 200 yards from the fireboat when a lifeboat suddenly appeared from around its stern and two men waved us frantically back. And at that point a surge drew the cable taut that connected the tug and the fireboat.

We had gone too far to tack to seaward of the tug as well as the fireboat, the angle was wrong, we couldn't make it. We were blowing down steadily and losing time. Molly reappeared in the companionway, driving up the tension.

I started the auxiliary and it immediately overheated. That was out. The lifeboat stopped and rolled in the sea a hundred yards away and watched us bear down helplessly on the ship.

The bottom here was hard sand and it anchored, it would be a long drag before we grabbed, if we did at all. It was then I remembered Herreshoff and Commodore Munroe and the gospel of shoal-draft boats, of sharpie mail boats that skimmed the inlets at West Palm in the 1890s in impossible conditions.

I changed direction and headed around the bow of the boat. As we closed

the distance, I could see a line of breaking water between the bow of the fireboat and Key West. There was rock close in. I asked my wife to close the cabin so that I wouldn't have to see my dog watching me and I picked the tightest line to the fireboat I dared and sailed on.

Before we ever got to the boat we could see bottom Rocks and sponges raced under us and once or twice the leeboard tapped and lifted. A good way to sound your way through thin water, Herreshoff had said. The men in the lifeboat stood and stared whenever their boat lifted high enough for them to see us.

We tacked right in under the bow, hearing the sea roar and break around us, and out to deep water again. We let the dog out of the cabin and then sized up the huge rollers coming into the main ship channel. A minute later we were in the first ones and the boat began to lift and work and pick its way through the big green haystacks as they raced at us. The boat made such a premier performance in these conditions that we were suddenly able to let down and enjoy it. The waves coming from seaward were so big, we were afraid to look at them. Instead, we wanted to feel them lift the boat, then watched their backs as they raced, rearing, away from us toward Key West.

Then the main ship channel was behind us too and we were sailing the blue-green waters inside the reef toward Boca Grande. We were actually having fun. We had sandwiches. Our son fell asleep and the verities of the eternal sea did not seem to be the same verities that have brought us salami or penicillin.

We rounded Boca Grande in early evening and anchored in a little channel that offered us a bit of lee. I had two anchors on a good scope of line. The *Meadow Lark* pitched and hunted about but, in all, we were comfortable. We went below and ate sleepily. Just at dark, two young Cubans who had a crawfish camp on the island rowed out to us with great effort and asked if there was anything we needed. We said that there was not and thanked them, rather moved by this kind of frontier courtesy.

We lit the oil lamps in the cabin at dark and talked till late about our personal greatness as adventurers. I read a few chapters of Herreshoff's *The Common Sense of Yacht Design* and we all fell asleep in the howling wind. **END**

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The travelin' Jays

Eddie Sutton's Creighton team is flying high—and often far afield

Somebody should tell Creighton's Travelin' Bluejays to stay at home in Omaha where they belong. Nobody is supposed to like traveling the way they do, but with a 19-4 record and a coach who does not mind playing the big ones on the road, Creighton has displayed a raucous sense of adventure while escaping college basketball's middle class.

Take the game against Marquette two weeks ago. Trailing 14-2, the Travelin' Bluejays regrouped around their tour-guide coach, Eddie Sutton, who reminded them how much fun it is to play the Warriors at Milwaukee Arena in the dead of winter, and everything went fine after that. Creighton won 75-69, and Marquette should have realized the hex was on when a Bluejay balloon got away from an excited newspaperman and floated out onto the court late in the game. The loss was Marquette's second at home in 101 games; the victory practically clinched an NCAA bid for Creighton.

The small Jesuit school (2,550) has not been invited since 1964 when Paul Silas powered it to 22 wins. However, since 1959, when former Coach John (Red) McManus coined the phrase "border to border and coast to coast," Creighton has "gone all over hell to play" (the current publisher's words, which should please CU priests no end). When this year's seniors were sophomores they were watched by 18,686 people in Brigham Young's second game at Marriott Center in Provo, Utah, as juniors they played the final game in The Pit at North Texas State; last summer they toured 10 cities in South America and, as Sutton says, "Once you've played in Brazil or before any of those crowds south of the border, going into Milwaukee Arena doesn't seem nearly so bad."

"Oh, I know a lot of coaches must think I'm insane with this traveling thing,"



SUTTON WINGS IN FOR AN AIRPORT TALK

But we're an independent with 14 kids on our roster from 11 different states and with 65 alumni groups across the country who want to see us play. So we go everywhere, and we've gotten a reputation for it. Any time we travel I think of it as an education for our players, not just as a sightseeing tour. Creighton is a tough school academically, and if there's something interesting in the area where we're playing basketball, we will investigate it."

The beneficiaries of this *Cause #1* with Mc-philosophy—players like blond Forward Gene Harmon, who beat Houston 78-77 with a long jumper on television last season, or Doug Brookins, who muscled in 25 points against Marquette—have in truth seen a large part of the world. During the last three years Creighton has played in 20 states, logged more than 65,000 miles in the air, made that South American jaunt (entertaining the Chilean national team at home in exchange) and is now in Hawaii on its last road trip of the regular season.

The Jays are a patient, passing team. Their style might be different had they recruited with more success among the super athletes who come from the Omaha ghetto at the edge of the Creighton campus. As it is, when Forward Charles Butler was injured this season, Sutton even started five white players. Harmon, a

Schuyler, Neb. product who has a chance of making the pros, feels that playing far and wide has given him the kind of exposure he would never have had in a conference like the Big Eight. His arguments are all summed up in the Travelin' Bluejays' brochure which, for lack of funds, has to double as a recruiting bulletin. The cover photos were taken mainly by Sutton and the players, who caught themselves with Instantatics at a native fruit market in Brazil, before the Christ of the Andes statue on the border between Argentina and Chile and from a vantage point overlooking São Paulo. Next year's cover probably will include shots of Disneyland and Diamond Head. But the real pitch begins on page one inside:

"Traveling is so much a part of the Bluejay basketball program," it reads, "that a basketball prospect should reflect on what traveling means to him before he signs with the Jays . . . Creighton University is in Omaha, a fine city . . . but one located a considerable distance from other major basketball powers. . . ."

So future Creighton Bluejays must be more than tall, talented and dedicated to hard work. They have to know how to pack a suitcase."

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

SOUTH Third-place Maryland finally gained a measure of conference respectability by winning its rematch with North Carolina 91-80. Tom McMillen, who scored a game-high 26 points, led a 13-1 sprint to put the game out of reach with 4:02 remaining. It was the Terrapins' third straight home win over the Tar Heels whom they have not beaten on the road in nine years.

North Carolina State also seemed headed for trouble when 7' 4" Center Tom Burleson picked up his third foul midway through the first half against Davidson. As the time the Wolfpack led 22-17 and superstar David Thompson was having a subpar night. No fear. State simply turned to its two backcourt aces, Monte Towe and Moe Rivers. With Towe hitting all seven of his first-half shots, the Wolfpack moved into a 50-33 lead. Rivers had his best game, scoring 24 points, and the Wolfpack ran away 105-78.

Vanderbilt and Alabama stayed one-two in the SEC as both scored narrow wins over conference opponents. The Commodores averaged their only loss of the season by beat-

continued

ing LSU 91-88. Jeff Fovnes, Joe Ford and Butch Fieber converted six straight free throws in the last 2:41 to wrap up a game that from the outset had been charged with emotion because of the light that disrupted the teams' earlier meeting. "This was the best crowd we've had all year," said Vanderbilt Coach Roy Skinner of his hometown fans. LSU Coach Dale Brown painted a different picture. "Tonight was just seething," he said, complaining of "exceedingly vulgar and obscene" signs and revealing that someone had called at halftime and threatened to shoot LSU player Collis Temple in the second half. Meanwhile, the Crimson Tide edged past Mississippi State when Charles Cleveland hit a long jumper in the final second for a 76-74 win.

With both teams anticipating a possession tournament bid, Jacksonville demolished Florida State 113-89. Leon Benbow paced the Dolphins with 36 points. Butch Taylor had 30 more, plus 27 rebounds. "Taylor's not so tough," said Seminole Coach Hugh Durham. "Our team outrebounded him by four." Two nights later Jacksonville belied Northeast Louisiana 100-84.

"When we play well we can beat anybody—well, just about anybody—in the country," said South Carolina Assistant Coach Dick Walsh. "But when we play poorly, we can lose to just about anybody." Early in the week the Gamecocks played poorly, making 21 turnovers, but still beat Georgia Tech 82-73. Notre Dame, on the other hand, isn't just anybody. The nation's top streak-stopper ended South Carolina's 34-game Carolina Coliseum winning string 72-68.

1. N.C. STATE (20-1) 2. MARYLAND (17-4)

WEST While UCLA was taking its lumps at Oregon State and Oregon (page 26), USC moved into a first-place tie in the Pac Eight by beating the same two teams on the road. The Trojans, who have little to show for their 122 wins in seven seasons under Coach Bob Boyd, ran away from Oregon 70-61 on Friday evening and then cheered for the Ducks against UCLA on television the next afternoon. Saturday night USC went out and disposed of Oregon State 60-53, setting up a possible final-game showdown with UCLA at the Sports Arena March 9.

With Long Beach State on probation and out of the race for a berth in the NCAA playoffs, PCAA rivals are looking at the 49ers in a different light. "It was just a fun game," said Fresno State Coach Ed Gregory after watching Long Beach flatten his Bulldogs 62-45. "They still aren't having as much fun as we are," countered an irked Lute Olson.

Texas remained a game behind Texas Tech in the SWC because it dropped a 72-71 overtime decision to TCU, a team the Longhorns

had beaten earlier in the season by 51 points. TCU played the entire regulation period without once going to the foul line, but in overtime John Blakney sank two free throws to give the Frogs the victory. Tech beat Arkansas 89-81, but was upset at Texas A&M 98-95 in double overtime.

Seattle continued to hold onto a share of the WCAC lead with San Francisco, largely through the play of sophomore Guard Frank (Maggie) Gleynick. Last week Maggie's desperation shot from the deep right corner in the final two seconds swished through to give the Chieftains a 72-71 win over Pepperdine. "That was a prayer shot, and it was answered," said a teammate.

The WAC remained a jumbled race. Defending champion Arizona State lost its share of the league lead when it fell before New Mexico 89-72 and UTEP by the disastrous score of 82-48. UTEP had already hurt its chances with a disappointing 85-59 loss to Arizona. That gave Arizona room at the top, but New Mexico promptly closed the gap with a 99-72 homecourt win over the Wildcats. Which in turn left the door open for Utah to slip into first place with an 89-74 romp at Brigham Young.

1. LONG BEACH ST. (20-2) 2. UCLA (18-3)

MIDWEST Kansas State took over first place in the Big Eight with a 74-71 home win over Kansas. The Wildcats played a zone to keep out of foul trouble, and as a result the Jayhawks finished with just one of four free throws while Kansas State converted 18 of 24 to overcome a 35-28 field-goal deficit.

Oklahoma City staggered Oral Roberts' hopes for an NCAA at-large bid by upsetting the Titans 100-94. Herb Gilkey led the smaller Chiefs with 29 points and nine rebounds. "That little squirt killed us," moaned Titan Coach Ken Truckey. Memphis State avenged an earlier loss to Louisville with a 78-71 win while Austin Peay took over first place in the Ohio Valley with a 94-83 win over co-leader Morehead State.

Purdue lost its share of the Big Ten lead when it fell 112-111 in three overtimes to Iowa, which had won only four games all season. The hero for the Hawkeyes was Center Jim Collins who contributed 32 points, 26 better than his average, despite suffering from the flu. "I really don't feel like celebrating," he said afterward. "Every time one of those Purdue guys would hit me in the gut with an elbow I felt I was going to make a beeline for the boys' room." Michigan clung briefly to the top spot with a narrow 50-48 win over Northwestern. With three seconds left Chuck Rogers' block of Bob Hildebrand's layup kept Northwestern from tying the score. Hildebrand was given two free throws on the play and missed both. Meanwhile, Indiana continued to get strong-

er, pounding Wisconsin 81-63 before finally taking over the first-place spot expected of it with a 93-81 win over Michigan at week's end.

1. NOTRE DAME (20-1) 2. MARQUETTE (18-3)

EAST The largest regular-season college basketball crowd in three years at Madison Square Garden turned out to watch Coach Digger Phelps direct the Fighting Irish to a convincing 79-69 win over his old team, Fordham. Six-foot, five-inch, 225-pound freshman Adrian Dantley led the way with 27 points and collected nine rebounds as the Irish dominated inside play. Of Notre Dame's first 20 busters 14 came on layups.

Somewhat continued to watch over the fortunes of Providence. The Friars' latest brush with disaster came against crosstown rival Brown, but the Bruins' Lloyd Desjardins providentially moved a free throw near the end of regulation time to leave the score tied at 61-61. The Bruins also failed to score on four one-and-one situations in two overtimes before Marvin Barnes sank a 22-foot jump shot in the final five seconds to give the Friars a 75-73 win. Barnes, who had scored the tying basket to send the game into extra periods, finished with 28 points, 27 rebounds and five blocked shots. The next night he added 31 points, 21 rebounds, four blocked shots and five assists as Providence downed Holy Cross 108-87 to achieve its fourth straight 20+ victory-of-the-season season.

Pittsburgh had a much easier week, routing Cleveland State 106-55. Six Panthers were in double figures as the team set a school mark with 52 held goals and recorded its 20th consecutive win. Pittsburgh had not won 20 games in a season since 1931.

Both St. John's and St. Joseph's seemed unwilling to deliver a killing blow in their game at St. John's Alumni Hall. They played the final 1:48 of regulation time tied at 55 points and looked as if they were going to play the final 2:04 of the first overtime period tied at 59. Then, one after another remaining and two Hawks waving hands in his face, St. John's Kevin Clessius sank a jump shot from 25 feet in the corner to give the Redmen a 61-59 win.

Led by Guard Dennis DeVall's 30 points, Syracuse, which had dropped a game earlier in the week to West Virginia 78-77, snapped Manhattan's eight-game winning streak, 76-70. Boston College moved closer to a postseason at-large NCAA bid by winning its sixth straight, 86-73 over St. Francis. The Eagles are now 15-5.

Brown rallied at week's end to keep its share of the Ivy League lead with a 71-56 win over Columbia. Penn held up its end by downing resurgent Harvard 75-68.

1. PITTSBURGH (21-1) 2. PROVIDENCE (21-3)

This... is the L&M moment.



King: 13 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, Super King: 13 mg. "tar,"
1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Feb. '73).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

CLOTHES TO HELP HOT-DOGGERS CUT THE MUSTARD



Penny Street, a leading women's hot-dogger, suits up in nylon with yellow stretch inserts from Anja of Austria (\$145). John Clendenen (above), the current national freestyle champion, does a Mule Kick in C.B. Sports stretch cire with Lycra-Spandex inserts (\$65), a fabric that gives 10 inches in the leg alone. Bob Theobald (above center), who was 1973 Hot-Dog Classic winner, attempts a spread-eagle somersault in Head parka (\$85) and pants (\$75) made of nylon with action inserts.





Mike Lord (left), ballet and stunt competitor, is outfitted in White Stag's nylon suit with foam-rubber quilting on sleeves, back and legs (\$24). Bill O'Leary (above) does a helicopter in Anka's textured nylon with foam-filled sausage quilting for stretchability and protection (\$175). Back on the ground, O'Leary (right) switches to a nylon shell with navy stretch on the elbows, shoulders and back, while the forearm has added padding, all of which is made by Fusalp for Borella (\$110).

Freestyle skiers, informally known as hot-doggers, like to dress with the same exuberant flair they display on the slopes. "We have to look hot to feel loose," they like to say, which means donning flashy outfits that offer enough stretch to accommodate their acrobatics. Manufacturers are complying, and if these exhibitionists have their way, future attire will offer ever more daredevilry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. FINEBERG



CONTINUED



DAFFY, WHEELIE AND MOEBIUS FLIP

There was a time when hot-doggers were considered little more than young show-offs. When it first became apparent that individuals were performing the same stunts on slopes all across the country they were called, accurately enough, exhibitionists, which is really what freestyle skiing is all about. While Stein Erickson, an early exhibitionist, was doing aerials 10 years ago, Ruedi Wyrich and Art Furrer were pioneering trick and stunt ballet. But it was the movie *Skating the Outer Limits* in 1968 that is generally credited with inspiring young skiers to go all-out to develop their own flash and style. From this emerged freestyle, ballet, stunts and aerials as we know them today, the only form of skiing to originate in the U.S.

Three years ago Doug Pfeiffer of *Slam* magazine, former Olympian Tom Corcoran and Chevrolet got together and started the first freestyle competition for cash and automobile prizes. As freestyle grew, contestants decided they needed organization and representation, and last year they formed the International Freestyle Skiers Association. Thirty top competitors elected five members to the board (John Clendennin, Eddie Ferguson, Corky Fowler, Bill Burks and Bob Theobald), which will sanction competitions, handle the organization and operation of the association and speak on behalf of its 500 members. Several safety rulings already have been issued: only skiers who



meet qualifications in one of the Safety Qualifying Trials are eligible to compete; all jumps are to be built by a single crew so that the degrees of the slopes will be standardized; only one flipper run is allowed; and in a run that has more than one jump, only one inverted maneuver is permitted. These sanctions are expected to reduce the chance of injury without sacrificing exuberance or flair.

Hot-doggers have chosen this kind of skiing because "We feel it has freedom of expression and is creative. Every skier can perform in his own style with imagination. Each run is different and every man an individual. It is never boring for us or for the spectator."

A hot-dogger's jargon is as colorful as his dress. Stunts include the Daffy (a mid-air stroll with the skier still attached to his skis—hopefully), the Wheelie (an exaggerated jet turn), the Moebius flip (a full twisting front somersault or reverse

back somersault) and the Worm-Turn (an almost by-again spin and recovery—again hopefully).

As to the clothes "I feel more aggressive in bright colors," says Bob Theobald. "They get the adrenaline going. When I'm doing Moebius flips I wear red pants with contrasting racing stripes so I can see what my legs are doing. The hotter the clothes, the hotter you ski, but it's not just the flashy clothes. I always remember: no guts—no glory." Theobald says hot-doggers can go through two or three pairs of boots per season. "I wear boots with good forward flex, quaines. In slalom you need stiff boots but for moguls and bumps a softer boot helps the ankles and knees absorb some of the shock." Theobald and John Clendennin agree that they would like to see even gaudier and showier one-piece suits with lots of stretch across the shoulders and under the arms, perhaps even with contrasting colored

lapels and some sort of French cuffs.

Last year a hardy band of women formed their very own World Hot-Dog Ski Association with six much prettier directors (Cindy Scott, Penelope Street, Debby Meade, Pam Buckland, Suzie Chaffee and Pat Whitcomb—two blondes, one redhead, three brunettes). This season they expect to stage three competitions offering purses up to \$15,000 each and conclude with a national championship at Bear Valley, Calif. in April that could be worth \$40,000 to the overall winner.

How do girl hot-doggers dress? Cindy Scott says, "We are not as flashy as the men—they are the peacocks. We'd rather look fashionable. We want to show that we are attractive and do hot-dogging tricks and ballet as well as the men. We're crowd pleasers. All we need now is our own Bobby Riggis."

JEFF CAMPBELL

Lucky Penny sports a copper-colored parka with stripes and stretch bands on sides and shoulders (\$85) plus stretch pants (\$78) from Head. Behind him, O'Leary wears Begger pants with double-stretch inserts (\$84.50). Above is Wayne Wang in White Stag's sweats with foam-filled stripes (\$45) and Theobald in Ardal's stretch jacket (\$115).

They're all right, Jack

Undefeated Leeds United, fast closing in on a remarkable record, is inspired by a manager who is inspired by—of all people—Jack Nicklaus

Now, in England, as in the time of Richard III, it is the winter of discontent. Not since World War II and its aftermath have Britons been so sorely tried. But neither the energy crisis, the railroad and coal strikes nor a teeming rain deterred a crowd of 60,000 from filling into the Old Trafford soccer pitch in Manchester a fortnight ago to watch Manchester United, the last-place team in the first division of English football, play Leeds United, the first-place team.

It was the biggest crowd of the season and for good reason. Leeds had played 28 games without a loss in 1973-74. In more than 50 years no first-division team has had so long a run of success. The all-time British record, set by Burnley in the 1920-21 season, is 30 games in a row.

Leeds United, then, is the Miami Dolphins of English football. Not surprisingly, the team is managed by a man who would be very much at home coaching the Dolphins or the Washington Red-

skins. Don Revie, called The Boss, has George Allen's warm regard for players and blithe disregard for costs. He also has Don Shula's extraordinary talent for organization and preparation.

Revie once played for Leeds as a center forward, the spearhead of the attack in soccer. Typically, he was not a scorer. "He was a great passer," says Jason Thomas, one of the best English soccer critics. "When he was with Manchester City, they had what they called the Revie plan. Don would lag back and distribute the ball. He would analyze the defense and then pass the ball to a winger in a strategic position. He was superb."

When he came to Leeds as a player, the club was in the bottom half of the first division. Revie, it must be admitted, did little to change the situation. In fact, the team was soon relegated (or demoted) to the second division. Revie had requested his release so he could accept a manager's job at Bournemouth when the Leeds manager resigned.

Harry Reynolds, at the time the club's chairman of the board, recalls: "Don was interested in a player-manager's job and I gave him permission to apply at Bournemouth. When I was writing his reference, it occurred to me that with all these recommendations we could do with him ourselves."

Revie took the Leeds job with reservations. "Our average gate was down to well below 20,000 and the place was like a ghost town," he says. "No one seemed to care whether we won or lost, and I remember telling the directors, 'Don't expect miracles. If we get back into the first division in five years, we'll have done exceptionally well.'"

When Revie took over as player-manager in 1961, the club was some £200,000 in debt in a city oriented more toward rugby than soccer. Leeds, 180 miles north of London, has three major league rugby teams and even though Leeds United is now considered the best side in Europe,

some of the dour Yorkshiremen who inhabit the city are not sold on soccer. When recently asked what he thought about Leeds United, a cab driver nodded vaguely. "Aye," he said, "most be a fine side, but I'm a rugby man myself. Haven't seen the football though I hear it can be exciting, too."

The first full season under Revie, Leeds narrowly missed relegation to the third division. The next season was not much better. "We didn't have the money to buy players," Revie says. "So I decided I would go on my own, and that's what I have done."

He also inaugurated the English equivalent of the American pro football scouting system, both for games and for talent. "Toward the end of the 1963-64 season I heard some good reports about a young player, so I sent Syd Owen along to run the rule over him," Revie says. "I have never before seen such a detailed breakdown of a footballer. Syd had left nothing to chance. He outlined how good the player was on his right and left side, the angles or lines along which he tended to run with the ball, the shooting positions he favored, and so on. It struck us that a report like this would be invaluable if applied to the teams we met each week and it all started from there."

Aside from Leeds' success over the past few years, one reason it does not lose players is Revie's free hand with the pound. By British standards the dressing rooms are posh, with a sauna, carpets and a players' lounge. Moreover, Leeds has the best-appointed stadium and playing fields in the country.

"When Don took over, the old pitch was a bit seedy," says Assistant Manager Maurice Lindley. "The grass was worn, the stadium ran down, the dressing rooms a bit sealy. Boot he changed a lot. He had the pitch torn up and reseeded, and electric wires laid six inches below the surface to warm it in cold weather so that it wouldn't get too hard to play on. And not only on the stadium pitch—on the practice field, as well. And he wants this to be a family, so he goes to no end to make the wives happy, figuring a happy wife makes a happy player. I reckon we're the only club in England has Christmas parties for the players and the wives and the kiddies, with presents for all, and Don knows the birthday of every wife so he can send her a bouquet of carnations when it comes about."

—continued

REVIE SAVORS WIN OVER MANCHESTER



If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Walt Frazier won't brush with anything else?



One-on-one, nobody gets past New York Knick star Walt Frazier. Not the biggest guy in the league, not even tomorrow's superstar. But basically Walt is a team player—a man who has the knack of getting people to work together smoothly. On the court and off. Maybe that's why Walt Frazier is a Colgate man.

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In 10 years we've had less transfer fees than any other club in England."

Johany Giles, an Irish international who is one of Leeds' forwards, is a small dark man with an unusual talent both for striking—scoring—and for sifting through the melee in front of the opposition's goal. One recent afternoon, sitting in a chilly pub in Leeds sipping an orange drink, he pondered the reason for the unusual success of his club. "This team have played together a long time," he said. "Maybe 10 or 12 years, ever since The Boss came. It's unusual to get so many good players to stay together so long, and The Boss did this. You see, the manager is always the most important man on any club. Don Revie has a real feeling for all of us and we know it. He had made us a family and no one wants to leave it."

"I love football," Giles said. "I guess we all do. There's a great satisfaction in doing well what you can do when you're on the pitch. Don is a bit of a sentimental man, but we are not a sentimental team. We won't be excited about the game Saturday with Manchester United, even if we have won 28 in a row. You get ready automatically for a game like this, because Manchester is a traditional foe. But as a pro, you know there are going to be days when you're not geared up. So then you gear yourself up falsely." He thought about that for a moment, looking out the window to the rain pelted Leeds. "I've learned a lot from golf," he said. "You know what you have to do and you can't depend upon emotion for it. You depend upon what you have done and what you know you can do. When I'm playing golf I know if I hit the ball correctly it'll go where I want it to go. So if I make a pass with confidence playing football I know it'll go where it should. I gear myself up by knowing that and thinking that. It doesn't do so get yourself too excited about one game. If you are too high, you fall too low."

Revie shares Giles' preoccupation with golf as it relates to soccer. He is a good golfer, playing to an eight handicap, and spends most of his time on the course during the off-season. His wife is a former Scottish women's champion.

The Leeds team traveled the 50-odd miles to Manchester by bus on the Friday before the Saturday afternoon game with Manchester United. After having dinner together at the Midland Hotel, the

players went to their rooms to watch the telly or play cards. In the morning they gathered for the pregame meal at 11, then met with Revie for a briefing—the English equivalent of going over a game plan. Revie had dictated the three-page plan to his secretary the previous evening.

It was a result of an Owen scouting report and was not nearly as detailed as an American pro football game plan. It dealt with tendencies, not plays, since there are no set plays in soccer, a much more fluid game. For an earlier game against Liverpool, Owen had written: "Liverpool took the field first and proceeded toward the Spton Kop end. This being the end they prefer to defend in the first half, an advantage may be gained by getting out first when we play there. Use the right-hand goal for warming up and, should we win the toss, elect to stay as you are at kickoff. Shankly [Liverpool's manager] has devised his team tactics to cover some deficiencies in his playing strength. Both fullbacks lack pace and our wingers must seek the ball behind them."

Revie imparted much the same kind of information about Manchester to his players in some 45 minutes before they took the bus to Old Trafford. After the meeting he sat in the lounge, cheerfully signing autographs and talking to members of the board of directors and to friends. Before the team meeting he had trotted back to the hotel through the rain, carrying a shopping bag and sweating despite the chill. "A bit of shopping for the wife," he said apologetically. "She didn't come, and I thought I should get her a present, you know."

He did not seem particularly concerned about the upcoming match. Instead, he wanted to talk about one of the most exciting moments of his life. "During the British Open I sat just this far as I am from you from Jack Nicklaus," he said. "I wanted to introduce myself to him, but I did not want to be so forceful. And twice I rode up in the elevator with him."

He shook his head in memory of his good fortune. "I use the Big Bear as an example to the team now and then," he said. "We have been on top for a long time now and all the other teams seem to have a glint in their eyes when they play us. And so will Manchester United this afternoon, I reckon. But I tell them that the Big Bear has been on top all these years and he doesn't need their money

now, I'm sure, but he plays for pride and because he has discipline and dedication. And I think this team does the same thing, you know. He has learned to live with pressure and so have this club. I'm sure when Nicklaus or Palmer or Trevino are going well, they enjoy practice. It's the same with the team. Oh, psychology plays a part and sometimes I must be hard with them and sometimes I must pick them right off the floor, but I always relate our football team to Jack Nicklaus. Although they've got the money, they've got the pride, too."

It was still raining heavily when Leeds United left for the stadium, but the rain stopped soon after they arrived. By the time they took the field the sun was making brief appearances. The field had drained nicely; rain is a way of life in Manchester and the soccer pitch was built with that in mind.

The Leeds team did not look much like Jack Nicklaus or, for that matter, Leeds, in the first half. Manchester United, fighting doggedly to avoid being relegated to the second division, played a strong, gambling game and David Harvey, Leeds' magnificent goalie, had to make two diving saves to avoid scores.

"We are an attacking team," Revie had said before the game. "We will not be a dull team. I think the game needs attack and that's what we shall do, no matter the circumstances."

Twice in the second half Leeds attacked with all the nimble flair of which it is capable. A Manchester winger stumbled deep in Leeds territory and Paul Madeley, one of Leeds' world-class players, nobbled onto the ball immediately. He passed, two more Leeds players switched the ball back and forth between them and Madeley, who had run some 80 yards at full speed without the ball, took the penultimate pass behind the Manchester defense. He flicked the ball deftly into the path of Forward Mick Jones, who had come up the middle, and Jones slammed it into the goal.

Near the end of the game, a similar move freed Forward Joe Jordan in front of the Manchester goal. He gave the goalie two takes, then squibbed the ball gently past him into the net as casually as a Tuesday morning soccer player enjoying five-a-side in Hyde Park, and Leeds had won 2-0 for No. 29.

Maybe even the cabbie, the roofigy man, will be seduced by this club. It can be exciting.

END

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WISE STARTS UP COURT AGAINST KENTUCKY AS BEATY PREPARES TO GET INTO GEAR

Shoot first, sue later

Zeimo stuck the Stars with a suit after the team wrecked the West

And now, fans, the starting lineup for the Utah Stars: At center, nearing the world's record for knee operations, with six, and fresh from filing a \$1.2 million lawsuit against his own team, No. 31, 6'9" Zelmo Beaty.

At one forward, equipped with a knee brace and the only eyeglasses in the pros, the man with the heretofore notorious Roto-Rooter one-hander who recently has become the toughest shooter since Willie Tell, No. 25, 6'10" Gerald Govan;

At the other forward, wearing no knee brace and with almost no right knee, the only man on either team who looks as if he climbed straight out of bed to be here tonight, No. 42, 6'5" Willie Wise!

At one guard, distinguishable among the 73 other players in the ABA with the same last name by the scar from his recent ankle operation, No. 15, 6'4" James Jones!

And at the other guard, the iron man of the Stars who hasn't missed a game since the fourth grade and invariably plays with his tongue firmly planted in his right cheek, No. 24, 6'2" Ron Boone!

In the interest of brevity, the introductions have omitted some basic biographical data about the players, such as their alma maters, including those centers of higher learning and basketball tradition Grambling, Idaho State, Prairie View and St. Mary's of the Plains. None of the missing details, however, would change the Stars' image as a team of limping litigants who, except for ex-NBA All-

Star Beaty, appear to deserve their anonymity. Quite the contrary is true. Utah, with typical lack of hullabaloo, has been tearing its league apart this season.

With consecutive home wins last week over Indiana (114-91), Kentucky (121-117) and New York (116-105)—three teams which should be among the Stars' toughest rivals in the playoffs—Utah ran its record to 43-19, the ABA's best. And as the season has progressed, the Stars have been getting brighter. After an early 10-12 record, Utah has won 33 of 40 games, and last week's victories increased its latest streak to 13 straight, longest in the team's history and no small feat since the Stars have won more often than any other ABA club over the last 3½ seasons.

Despite suits and countersuits between Beaty and his bosses—just the sort of thing that could disrupt a less cohesive squad—these Stars are the first ABA team to show the maturity of style, the poise and patience previously associated only with the most disciplined NBA clubs. Beaty alone can be considered old; his arthritic knees, which have prevented him from practicing and severely hampered his overall game the last two years, are a decade or so senior to the rest of his 32-year-old body. But the other starters, each of whom has had four to six seasons of pro experience, are just old enough—and wise enough.

Coach Joe Mullaney, the silver-haired ex-FBI man and renowned aficionado of the ponies, who came to Utah this year after back-to-back tours with winners in Los Angeles and Kentucky, last week looked at a photograph of himself taken as he paced the sideline—elbows held high, hands grabbing at the hair on the back of his neck, suit coat open wide, lips pursed in rage and eyes thrown up to heaven. "That's a picture of a man who's just lost a photo at Santa Anita," he said. He could afford to be good-humored because his team is putting him through so few trials these days.

Mullaney freely admits he has done little coaching of the Stars' offense and hardly much more in his favorite area, defense. "Ours is a very strange team," he says. "Our offense is basically three guys—Jones, Wise and Boone—going one-on-one and that's something you don't normally want. You don't get any overall movement that way and the ene-

continued



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on-one guys will usually end up taking all the shots. But it works for us because they're so good at it. They're almost always successful at disrupting the defense and all three of them are willing to give up the ball to the open man once the defense begins adjusting to stop them. I've never seen a team so honestly unconcerned about who scores the points.

"And they're different because they always try to do what you ask. Any coach will tell you that during a time-out he'll say to a guy something like, 'Let's start playing your man on his right hand.' Then the player will go out and play the guy on his left. Here I mention something like that and immediately I see it being tried on the floor. The only trouble I sometimes have comes in close games when I'll yell at Jones to run a 41, which is a play for him to shoot on. He's so uninterested in scoring that he'll bring the ball up and give it to Ron to run a 41 for himself."

The Stars are unusual in another way. Despite the team's long list of injuries, and even though "playing hurt" is not exactly all the rage among the pros these days, the starters rarely miss a game. "We're paid to play if we possibly can, so we play," says Wise matter-of-factly. "It may sound like an old line, but it's the truth."

Stars' starters have missed only two games because of injuries this year, exactly two more than Boone has missed in his entire 537 games as a professional. He has enjoyed few as much as last week's win over Kentucky. His tongue pushing against the inside of his cheek—a nervous habit that makes him look like a tobacco-chewing third-base coach as he dribbles upcourt—he scored a career-high 38 points, most of them simply by using his exceptional spring to launch jumpers high over the heads of the Colonels' short guards.

In his more than six seasons Govan has been a forgettable, even regrettable, shooter. His 40½ career average and his technique of releasing the ball with a sideways rotation reduced people to talking about his good rebounding and defense. Then, inspired by an edict from Mullaney to shoot if he was open regardless of the consequences, Govan began peering through his black horn-rims and spinning long set shots into the hoop. Since mid-December his average has been better than 50%. In last week's win over In-

diana, which put the Stars 11 games ahead in the Western Division, Govan suffered a relapse, hitting only three of nine shots. "I wasn't a shootin' fool, I was a fool to shoot," he said afterward. Against the Colonels the only one looking foolish was Kentucky's Dan Issel, who could be seen shaking his head in disbelief as Govan made eight of 14 shots and scored 17 points to go along with his 17 rebounds.

Despite the performances of Boone and Govan, Utah's most important players remain those two masters of the subtle move, Jones and Wise. Jones is the ABA's best guard and the only one in the league who plays with the fluid power of the NBA's "big" backcourt men, Oscar Robertson and Walt Frazier. Like them, Jones rarely takes a shot longer than 15 feet; he doesn't have to since he always seems able to insinuate himself into an open position close to the basket. Once there Jones rarely misses. His 53½ average makes him the only guard among the ABA's 10 best shooters.

To his own dismay, Wise has had to become quite a shooter, too, in the past two seasons as Beatty's scoring has declined. "My overall game has suffered," he says, even though his 22.5-point average puts him fifth in the league. "In an unspoken way, the burden of the offense has been laid on me. That part of the game takes most of my energy now." Wise would prefer to be the 15-point scorer he was as a young pro and go back to concentrating on defense, trying to play at the way Gus Johnson and Dave DeBusschere did when he watched them so avidly before joining the Stars.

Still, that is only a minor frustration compared to the bone spurs in his ankle and a bone spike in his knee, which have required surgery. His right knee is now usually swollen with fluids that collect about the kneecap. "I look at Dr. J and George McGinnis and Billy Cunningham and how they can jump over their men and drive recklessly," says Wise, "and I wonder how they'd be if they were anticipating pain whenever they moved. I wonder how good I'd be if I could just go out on the floor and do it without thinking."

Alongside him, Beatty and his sore knees must give Wise painful premonitions of his own future. In the past two seasons Zelmo's scoring has slipped 10 points per game and his rebounding has dropped by nearly a third. Always one

of the wildest centers, he appears to be surviving on smarts alone in what will probably be the last year of an excellent career. Off the court Beatty and the Stars' front office have been battling since last summer. Because of the acronymy Zelmo sat out training camp and the first five games of the season, prompting the team to sue him for breach of contract. The action was subsequently dropped, although a \$7,000 fine for the time missed was not. Two weeks ago Beatty filed a \$1.2 million damage suit against the Stars, claiming the fine was excessive and that the team failed to fulfill some aspects of his contract. The suit may be in the courts for years, but last week Beatty was clearly anticipating an unhappy departure from Salt Lake City.

"Basketball is a rotten business," he said, though his play and relations with the rest of the team seemingly have been unaffected by the legal wrangling. "They figure once they've drained all that you're worth, then they just dump you. Certainly here they've figured they've gotten all that's left out of No. 31. I didn't expect anything more than that—I've seen too many guys get washed out at the end—and I'm glad I didn't because I would've been setting myself up for a big disappointment."

Beatty has been paid handsomely for his years in Utah—he has a four-year contract calling for \$200,000 annually—but it still is unfortunate that his days with the Stars may not end amicably. Though Utah President Vince Boryla argues to the contrary, almost everyone else in the ABA gives Beatty a substantial amount of credit for the success of a predominantly black sport in Salt Lake City. The Stars arrived there in 1970, at a time when tensions between the Mormon church and black athletes were at their peak and Zelmo was the team's lone established player. Beatty quickly gained acceptance from the Utah fans, not only by leading the Stars to a championship in their first season, but by remaining quietly congenial and displaying his considerable innate dignity. He remains the only black player who owns a house in Salt Lake. And, according to other players, Beatty passed the word around the ABA that Utah was an all-right place to play. Currently the Stars are not only a successful draw and the league's best team, but they are the only club that does not include at least one white man in its starting lineup.

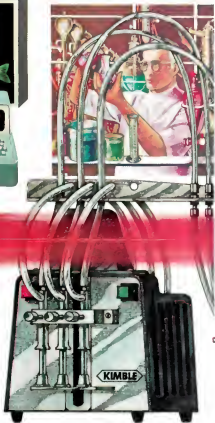
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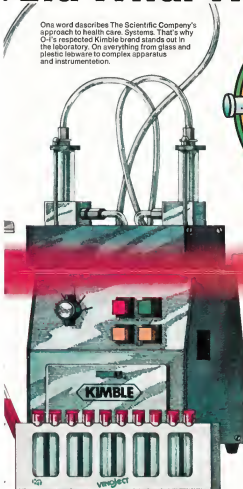
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*As baseball heads south for the annual invigoration, a fan
with a trove of sacred memories mourns the end of an age
of wonderful innocence—when hot air from the Grapefruit
League wafted up to melt the northern snows*

rites and wrongs of spring

by Frank Deford

Spring training was the most enjoyable mass dream we ever had in America. It made baseball. Baseball, after all, was never just a game; it was an institution, a state of mind—it was called the national pastime, not the national sport—and it depended utterly on the promise of spring. The season was never as good as we expected it to be in the spring, but those expectations nurtured it and made baseball larger than life all summer long.

Hollywood died when the denizens of the silver screen stopped taking milk baths and started professing to be just folks. Tinker Bell could be sustained only if we expressed a loud belief in her species. And baseball, like the ocean liner, could hold its place only as long as people accepted the proposition that getting there was half the fun. All those stock reasons to explain why baseball lost its iron grip on the public—too slow, not enough action, not good for televising—just add up to so much bunk. The explainers simply have forgotten how vital spring training was to the illusion. When America turned to hockey and basketball instead of re-pledg-

continued



ing allegiance to the fantasies of the Grapefruit League, the Tinker Bell went out of baseball.

To begin with, for as long as the major leagues were restricted to cities of the North, spring training did not mean baseball so much as it meant spring—and everybody, even people who cannot tolerate baseball, has an investment in spring. The first robin? That went out with the bustle. No, the true first sign of spring for the early decades of the 20th century was a large picture in every newspaper that showed an equipment man preparing a steamer trunk filled with bats and balls for shipment to Florida. The caption invariably read **CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?**

This was the start of a scenario that a man could set his calendar by. Next there would be word that something called an advance guard would depart for that far-off tropical paradise. Following it were pitchers and catchers. Everything was just so: an extra catcher or two from the farm system was always "invited." Then came the full squad, minus the one fellow who, for some "personal reason" had been granted permission to report a day late, and the grubby villains of the piece, the holdouts. (Offstage boos and hisses; if they don't hurry down and get

in shape, the team will suffer. Soon, scattered cheers; they are working out at the local high school. Hisses again; they can't get the keystone timing down if they are not in camp. Tra la, tra la.) Next were the intrasquad games between a) teams of regulars and rookies or b) teams named after the first- and third-base coaches. Then came the games of the Grapefruit League itself, and the pronouncement that the pitchers were ahead of the hitters. The most exciting thing was the day the first pitcher went four innings.

Finally, the teams would barnstorm back north, moving in tandem through Jacksonville, Macon, Spartanburg, Raleigh, Rocky Mount, Portsmouth, Petersburg. Spring rode on that train, and the dogwood always seemed to bloom the day the teams returned. All that was left was the newsreel of the Chief Executive throwing out the first ball at the Presidential Opener. And then the anticlimax—the regular season.

It was so neat and so ordered and so innocent, and after the weeks of spring dreams it is no wonder that we all devoted ourselves to baseball right through to the October Classic. And then some, because the Hot Stove League began the following week, carrying us through the horse latitudes of the baseball calendar. The Hot Stove League meant players going out on the Rubber Chicken Circuit or hunting and fishing. At an early age I suspected sadly that I would never be a major league ballplayer because I did not like to hunt and fish, and it seemed that was as essential as being able to hit the curve.

Oh, well, soon it was spring again and I could stop worrying about that deficiency in my character.

Even in a baseball world larded with tradition, spring training is venerable. In fact, it is older than modern organized baseball itself, although originally its purpose had very little to do with pitching rotation or keystone agility. It had to do with drying out the many ballplayers who had spent the off-season drinking up last year's salary. This was before players spent the off-season selling stocks and bonds or attending community college, and, for that matter, it was even before baseball players got through the winter by hunting and fishing.

The first players to go south to so-

ber up probably were Cap Anson's Chicago White Stockings (eventually Cubs), who in 1886 went to Hot Springs, Ark., where the warm mineral baths were presumed to be especially beneficial for boozehounds. Included in this first contingent was an outfielder named Billy Sunday, who later traded his bat for a Bible and went on the warpath against Demon Rum.

From these beginnings came the Grapefruit League, now worth millions of dollars in tourist money to the state of Florida, just as its junior partner, the Cactus League, is a very nice piece of change for Arizona. Much of the romance of spring training was Florida itself. It was a certified tropical paradise, but perhaps more important it was a couple of days away from the North on a sleeper. It was worth just getting to. Maybe all that was needed to demystify spring training was the public realization that Florida was no more than a plastic airplane lunch away. Spring Training, Florida, was a distant, lush never-never land. It was even a little mysterious—holdouts were always rumored to be "somewhere in the state"—and it abounded with man-eating alligators. It was definitely the right place for the Grapefruit League and other figments of the imagination.

The newspapers conspired to make it even more glamorous and important. Bush leaguers who had hit .250 the previous year suddenly became Ruthian phenoms in spring training. The palms always swayed, the parks were always sunbathed, the pitchers were ahead of the hitters, and the question of whether to carry a third catcher or an extra pitcher seemed cosmic. It never occurred to anyone to wonder why it took almost two months for such great athletes to prepare their bodies for an activity that children could swing into comfortably in a day or two. Spring training as an excuse to go south? Spring training as a publicity gimmick? Radiculous. The reasons for spring training were pure, and its length as invidious as the human gestation period. Some things only God should monkey with.

Surely the bad thing Fritz Peterson and Mike Kekich did was to tell all about it in spring training. And the players' association talking strike during spring training! Strike in July, in September, when it is just a matter of business; strike



the October Classic, if you will. But surely spring training is above that sort of thing. Only certain stories and headlines should come out of spring training. A sampler of these follows. They are all from *The Boston Globe* but, except for specific Hub references, they could have come from any paper in any town from any spring back when spring training was taken seriously by everyone—before there were real scores from Portland Trail Blazers vs. Kansas City-Omaha Kings basketball games or from Edmonton Oilers-Winnipeg Jets hockey clashes to take precedence over the make-believe events of the Grapefruit League.

GATELINE

Aboard Bees Special En Route to St. Petersburg. . .

HEADLINES

SON ADVANCE GUARD GOES SOUTH
Sleepy, Frigid Getaway For Orange
Blossom Special

IT'S "PLAY BALL" TOMORROW IN THE
BEES' TRAINING CAMP

WEIR GETS FIRST LOOK AT
TRAINING CAMP

WALLY BERGER DRIVES FROM THE
COAST TO THE BEES' CAMP TWO
DAYS AHEAD OF SCHEDULE

ILLNESS IN FAMILY DELAYS
FARNELL

THREE BRAVES ARE IN CAMP
UNSIGNED
Not Permitted To Put On Their
Uniforms

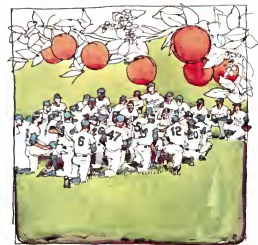
BULLETINS

"While most of you guys and gals will be plowing through snow this morning, the advance guard of the Boston Red Sox will be shoveling off from the South Station aboard the Orange Blossom Special bound for Sarasota and the 1938 training season."

"The Braves' special will make a stop in Providence to take on southpaw Chet Nichols."

"Even one day's rain will raise the merry dinkus with a club's plan for developing a pitching rotation."

"The boys will remain continuously at the ball park, taking a short rest between the workouts. Their luncheon will be sent to



the park and be served there. This will obviate the frequent change of wearing apparel that was such a tiresome nuisance in the old days when they had to dress and go to the hotel for luncheon."

WIREPHOTOS

Of Mrs. Jimmy Foxx resting on the beach at Miami ("Foxx dissatisfied with contract offered him. Collins expects no trouble signing Foxx").

Of Leo Durocher resting on the beach at Daytona ("Grantland Rice speculates: 'End of Gas House Gang'").

SUNSHINE SHORTS

"Pirate pitchers are already using their curveballs. . . . McKeechne will use all pitchers in turn in today's workout. . . . Connie Mack has sent word to the Philadelphia fans to 'watch our smoke this year'. . . . Only two more weeks to wait for the first box score of the Bees."

DRAMA

LEFTY BILL PERRIN STEALS THE SHOW
AS BEES WORK OUT FOR FIRST TIME
THIS SEASON
Pitcher Sprints To Lumber Legs

JOE CRONIN CONVINCED HIS THUMB
IS AS GOOD AS EVER
Uses Bai With A Small Handle

RED SOX PITCHERS AHEAD OF
BATTERS

MARESKI WARNS SISTI TO BEWARE

MORE ORAMA

"Dom DiMaggio yielded to temptation today and received a taste of the tough workouts Manager Lou Boudreau has been handing his Red Sox squad."

"Dom, who hadn't planned on starting practice until next Saturday, was sitting in the stands watching his teammates take batting practice."

"I heard someone hit a good drive to left field," he said. "When I looked down at the batting cage, I saw it was Walt Dropo."

"Well, if he can be out there hitting," Dom said to his wife, "I don't know why I can't."

"So she said, 'Why don't you go out there?' He did."

"DiMaggio thus became the second Sox regular to start conditioning. . . ."

YANNIGANS TOP REGULARS 1-0

"The first man to step to the plate in post-war spring training, Bobby Doerr. . . ."

WISH YOU WERE HERE

"Many of the boys then went fishing, or out on the links. . . ."

continued

"Several Bostonians who have been following the Swarm were seen taking the Southern Exposure."

"The natives here were really poyeped at the amazing antics of Casey Stengel's top-flight inner cordon of Babe Dahlgren, Barna Rowell, Eddie Miller and Sibby Sosa. Dahlgren really hounded the ball with majestic precision. A group of fans standing behind first base went into ecstasies over Babe's brilliant fielding."

And we loved it, of course. We devoured it. The amazing thing about the papers pouring out the endless headlines and stories about such matters as cutoff plays and intrasquad frays was the way they were neglecting other stories. In those days, once the Sox and the Swarm started in the Grapefruit League the Bruins were lucky to get a few paragraphs even when they played a real game.

That has not all changed, either. Many sports editors still waste weeks in Florida "touring the camps," as the saying goes. Then they write columns of predictions based on last year's standings. When the *Los Angeles Times* decided a couple of years ago that it was not absolutely necessary to keep a reporter in Vero Beach filing a story every day even

before Grapefruit games started, the Dodgers protested as if the Republic had been threatened. ("About the 10th day of camp, right on schedule, we invariably did our annual Is-this-the-year-Willie-Davis-hits-400 story," Charlie Maher of the *Times* recalls.) But if the *Times* of L.A. has changed, the paper of record, the *Times* of New York, has not. In it the revered Red Smith tends to write about baseball's preseason virtually to the exclusion of the hockey and basketball pennant races, and so did the late Arthur Daley. This tendency is something like James Reston and Tom Wicker abandoning the portentous events of Washington for a month or so every spring to go west and report at length on the chances of catching Big Foot, the abominable snowman of the Sierras.

But perhaps the profession's more esteemed and venerable writers cannot be faulted, for they grew well into adulthood when everyone still believed in spring training. Florida is top-heavy with retirees, but the crowds at Grapefruit League games appear especially old. Younger people and the middle-aged are conspicuously underrepresented, and the only kids present are those in the company of

grandfathers. What does it say of a nation when only the elderly declare themselves for innocence?

In most major cities for those who still care—and there are those who do—spring training, or the impression of spring training, begins in the heart of winter, when the local baseball dinner is held. Men with reputations are brought in—reminders of statistics of seasons past—and many awards are presented. When the Rubber Chicken Circuit reaches Baltimore they actually present something called the Babe Ruth Crown, usually to someone who has hit a lot of home runs. For many of the banquets the newspapermen in charge start lining up guests long before the season ends. If you wait to see who actually becomes MVP it is probably too late to get him; he has too many other commitments and will not want to get out of shape by overdoing the banquet circuit.

In Kansas City the baseball dinner is held late enough in winter for people at least momentarily to have stopped talking about the Super Bowl. Last year's was quite a gathering, with Gaylord Perry, a Cy Young Award winner; Chuck Tanner, manager of the year; Billy Williams, the *Sporting News* National League player of the year; Gene Tenace, World Series hero (always referred to as "Gene Tenace, World Series hero," lest anyone forget who he was); Casey Stengel as himself; Joe Garagiola, as the featured speaker; a host of Royals and ex-Royals and the new Royal manager, Jack McKeon.

The ballroom in which the dinner was held was packed, and the Royal Lancers, a booster organization that helped run the show, could count itself proud. All of the stars even showed up well in advance to meet the press. Garagiola plugged the Jan Stenerud sports show, Tenace discoursed on the Series, and Perry, in a frightful checked suit, parried innumerable witless allusions to spitballs. Casey, very old now, just talked. The TV film ran out and he kept talking; the interviewer let the mike drop there, limp, and he kept talking, a man doing a radio interview nearby with Williams came over and told him to keep it down, which he did, but he also kept talking. An oldtimer who was watching it all shook his head and said, "What a showman, what a showman."



Illustration by
Vance Smith



Buddy Blattner, once a ballplayer and now a Voice of the Royals, was the emcee at the dinner that night. He was assisted by two sequined ladies, each of whom came disguised as a pair of bottoms. They gave out the trophies. Blattner told obscure Lou Piniella jokes and said such things as, "What a galaxy of stars you have here tonight," and "Now we direct your attention to the Royal Stage and invite you to enjoy a musical tribute to one of baseball's finest..."

Even the groundskeeper won an award, and everybody was introduced, not omitting "the Royal Lancer Supreme" and a priest who was identified as "the spiritual leader of the Royals." Interspersed were little song-and-dance skits done by a leggy group called The Pinch Hitters.

For example, to the tune of *Frère Jacques*: "Gaylord Perry, Gaylord Perry... Does he throw a spitter? Does he throw a spitter?... He won't tell, he won't tell."

Then old Casey came up and did 34 minutes of gibberish, and after the first two or three minutes everybody began to shift uncomfortably. The program had started at 8:15, and it was getting on toward 11 when the old gentleman just abruptly stopped talking. Poor Bobby Richardson. He was to get the final award, for brotherhood or sportsmanship or youth work, one of those, but everybody was about to fall asleep. So Richardson, who had come all the way from South Carolina, could say hardly more than just a nice thank-you.

Though it was such a long evening, ev-

erybody appeared to have a good time, and everybody said they would be back next year, and hopefully K.C. could then offer a genuine MVP.

The dinner done, ahead lay spring training itself. On the last day in February before it began officially, Manager McKeon, leading the Royals' advance guard into the tropical paradise of Fort Myers, spit tobacco juice into his wastebasket and told the club P.R. man on the other end of the phone back in Kansas City how wonderful the weather was. "You damn right, I'm excited," McKeon exclaimed. "If I said anything else, I'd be lying." Tomorrow would be his first day in the big leagues. He had spent a quarter of a century in the bushes pointing for that day. He winged another stream into the wastebasket. "I never even got to a major league camp," he said. "The closest was New Orleans, Double A Southern, the spring of '53." Ptui.

He had a speech all written out on yellow foolscap that he planned to deliver to the players the next day, and he practiced the choice parts. "In this spring training, baseball comes first, even before your family and your church." Ptui. "It took me a long time to get here, and I don't plan to leave in a hurry."

Outside, in beautiful little sunbathed Park T. Figott Memorial Stadium—360 down the lines, gaily colored chair seats, royal palms swaying all around—a couple of members of the advance guard sprinted in the outfield. There were two oldtimers in the stands idly watching and chewing the fat. One of them, a retired Army colonel, said, "The politicians tied our hands behind our backs."

The other nodded in the sun. "Yes sir," the colonel continued, "if the President just had the guts to let us fight a war, we could have gone right in and shown those Commies who was boss."

"No halfway wars."

"You bet," said the colonel.

"If Truman would have just let Doug chase 'em over the Yalu, we would have mopped up those Reds in a week."

The scene, like the dialogue, was timeless. The pitchers were ahead of the hitters. Outside the park, a Ford from Ohio pulled up. An old man was driving the Ford, and his dutiful wife sat next to him. He leaned across her and asked out the window of a man walking by, "The boys in yet?"

continued

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"A few. The advance guard," the pedestrian replied.

"Where are they?" the man asked, getting anxious.

"Well, they've gone for the day."

"Shoot," the old fellow said, and his wife grimaced in regret, too. "Who's here, anyway?"

"Oh, a bunch of them. Freddie Patek and Kirkpatrick and..."

The old guy positively beamed. "Hear that? Freddie Patek and Kirkpatrick." His wife cooed and aahed at this bulletin. "We'll be back tomorrow and see 'em work out," the man promised.

There were several dozen more elderly folks—some with grandchildren, a few with cameras, one with a poodle—on hand the next day when spring training officially opened. It was a gorgeous cloudless morning and the sun bounced off the infield Tartan Turf. Two old-timers had culded a Royal press guide, and they searched through the roster for players who hailed from Pennsylvania, as they did. Another retired gentleman, a former contractor from Virginia, entertained his companions with Al Johnson imitations, *Mommy* and *Carolina in the Morning*. While the fans fretted, the players lounged in the clubhouse, waiting for the new manager to deliver his fire and brimstone. They greeted each other, old friends, and talked about the winter. Al Zych, the equipment man, had laid out lots of bubble gum and chewing tobacco, so a few of the players leaned back and spit languidly into the sand boxes arrayed for that purpose. Ptui. Ptui.

What speaks more of baseball than chew tobacco? Can anyone conjure up seintions anywhere but in a baseball clubhouse nowadays? Can anyone picture athletes in any other sport chewing and spitting? Jack Nicklaus? Kareem Abdul-Jabbar spitting? Bobby Orr with a wad? Stan Smith? Chrissie Evert? O. J. Simpson? Mark Spitz? Can anyone conceive of a man in political office, in show business, at church or just down the block—except for a baseball player—spitting tobacco juice in 1974?

"I been chewing since I broke in," McKeon says. Ptui. "I just figured chewing was part of the game, and I wanted to be part of the game so I asked for some. Now I go through two packs a day, but I don't ever chew out of my

uniform. It's just baseball. My oldest son is 11 now, and he's been chewing since he was seven." Ptui.

Of course, there are fewer chewers all the time, and many players cheat a little and mix the tobacco with bubble gum, it holds together better that way and has a more tolerable flavor. At its height of popularity, who knows how many ballplayers chewed—50%? 75%? There never was a census in that area, but now an exclusive SPORTS ILLUSTRATED survey indicates that there are only about 80 active chewers left in the majors, which is less than 1% of the rosters. Virtually no blacks or Latin Americans have taken up the habit.

A few young white players chew, but not many. Roger Metzger, the Houston shortstop, came up chewing right out of college, and Chris Speier, the Giants' shortstop, draws raves as the best young chewing talent around. But it is a dying breed. Who does chew are the managers—men like McKeon—and their coaches. Nine of the 24 managers chew—almost 40%;—while about 25% of the coaches do. The facts are clear. If you chew, you are more likely to stay in the game. A chewer has nearly three times a better chance of becoming a manager than a nonchewer, because a chewer, presumably, is just more baseball.

"A different kind of player chews,"

McKeon says. "He's more liable to be a hard-nosed guy, you know? The guy who chews is a scrapper."

He zinged a quick one and ran out onto the field, leading his team, a major league team, in spring training for the first time. All the Royals ran around the field and the old people, huddled together in clusters, would applaud as a group ran in front of them, and then stop as it went on, as if the flag were passing by. Somehow it was very touching and very, well, very American, too.

On a little bench in the outfield a pitcher named Dick Drago watched the beginning of spring training in his street clothes. He was holding out. Nearby, in the Royals' Fort Myers office, General Manager Cedric Tallis talked contract with Hal McRae, an outfielder who had been obtained from Cincinnati during the Hot Stove days. McRae's little son romped about the building, and outside, where it was quite hot, Mrs. McRae, who was pregnant, sat in the family station

wagon reading a Taylor Caldwell novel. McRae was not to be a holdout much longer. The club always prefers that a holdout come to Florida to "dicker" in person; as soon as he arrives and sees all the good pepper games and the spitting and things, he cannot wait to reach for his pen to sign on for another tour.

That is called inking a pact and joining the fold. Pretty soon Dick Drago also inked his pact and joined the fold in Fort Myers.

Florida remains the Mecca of Spring Training, though Texas and the Caribbean have been used in the past, and the Angels train in Palm Springs, Calif. and there are always a handful of teams that work out of Arizona. There is more sunshine in Arizona than in Florida, but as any schoolchild knows, Arizona has light air, so curveballs do not curve and pop flies drift into circuit clouds. The ghastly end result is that the hitters actually get ahead of the pitchers. What kind of spring training is that?

Growing up, I had no appreciation of Florida except that it was warm, it had oranges and it had spring training. I was aware only of the following Sunshine State cities: Tampa, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Fort Myers, Bradenton, West Palm Beach, Sarasota, Lakeland, Vero Beach and Orlando. Wake me up in the middle of the night to this day and whisper "Clearwater" to me, and I will reply "Phillyes." Say "Bradenton" and I will say "Braves." I was much more disoriented by the Braves going to West Palm than by their moving from Boston to Milwaukee. I more or less assumed that those 10 cities were the only ones of any importance in Florida, St. Pete being a doubly-blessed leader among equals since it had both the Redbirds and the Bronx Bombers. I gathered that all the towns had been created expressly for the purpose of providing training camp sites, and that they were grouped together within a five- or six-mile radius.

And I often wondered what does a training camp look like? What does the Grapefruit League look like? What does spring training look like?

And then television and jet airplanes came along and showed me, and it was terribly disillusioning. They took all the exotic mystery out, all the foolish opti-

continued

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ROYAL

1979

most, all the Tinker Bell. Also, by then, the pitchers stayed ahead of the hitters all season long, so what was the point of it? Plus.

Now, spring training is just another amusement park, another Marineland, Alligator Ranch, Snake Farm, Parrot Corral or what-have-you for the cities that have the teams. In some of the larger places spring training is swallowed up altogether by the swarming tourist world—which do you think Orlando prizes more: Harrison Kilbrew or Mackey Mouse? Brooks Robinson probably could serve Miami better if he played jail all. Even in a more sheltered little place like Fort Myers, way down on the Gulf Coast where they do not even have an interstate highway to link them to Tampa or the 1970s, spring training is an unwelcome part of a ribbon landscape. "It's a good, clean industry," is the way Oscar M. Corbin Jr., Fort Myers' handsome mayor, defines it, as if he were talking of zoning an area for baseball.

Fort Myers has been a spring training site for half a century, back to when Connie Mack brought in his A's. Some oldtimers can still recall that Jimmy Fox, used to pack the town kids into his fancy big touring car and drive them about town, and that one year Mackey Cockrane inked his pact over a Coke at Richard's Pharmacy. The Indians came next, briefly, and then the Pirates stayed for many years, until 1968, when Bradenton lured them away with a spanking new facility.

To Fort Myers it was not so much a matter of losing the glamour of a major league team as it was losing a deadline on all the stories that went up north. Fort Myers and Lee County (The Gladiolus Capital of the World) are growing rapidly—population has doubled in a decade, values are way up, and traffic is simply frightful. Thomas Edison, who wintered there, as did his pal Henry Ford, once wrote, "There is only one Fort Myers and 90 million people are going to find it out." Today, all 90 million appear to have found it out—and, worse, to have bought mobile homes.

The problem is how to distinguish Fort Myers from any other tourist town. It has sun, yes, and water, and maybe the best weather in the state, but what of those things called Tourist Attractions that bring people running? Well, there

are The Edison House, The Waltzing Waters, The Shell Factory and a bush-league dog track down the road, but certainly no Cypress Gardens boffo-type thing. So it helps to keep Fort Myers in the headlines, and to advertise up in Orlando—where every tourist first touches base in the state at Disney World—that Fort Myers has the Kansas City Royals. One exhibition game brought cars from 23 different states and two Canadian provinces to the ball park, a claim very few other clean industries can make.

On the hook, spring training is a losing proposition. General Manager Talis estimates that the Royals spend \$150,000 a year on it, and lose perhaps \$30,000. As for the players, they do not start getting their salaries until the season begins, and have to make do with their per diem and \$62 a week of what is called Murphy Money, for incidentals. And, perhaps worst of all, they have to spend the best hours of the sunny days playing baseball.

Talis selected Florida over Arizona for the Royals in part because he felt Florida weather more closely approximates the humid Kansas City summers. Once having made that decision, he flew all over the state with a man from the Florida Department of Commerce checking possible sites. Fort Myers is out of the way, but it has the weather, a good training facility, and it promised to guarantee \$15,000 in ticket sales and to build a new clubhouse.

As an expansion team, the Royals wanted to be wanted and Fort Myers would take anybody who would promise to come. It has been a felicitous union. Booster clubs in the two cities exchange visits, and everybody in town professes to love the Royals, who are invariably characterized as a "class organization." Since the Gulf Coast has always attracted Midwesterners, there is the additional hope that many people from the Kansas City area will come to live in Fort Myers, or retire there, or at least invest there.

It is saying something, isn't it, that what was once the national pastime is now a clean industry, and what was once a dream is now but a dateline? Take a last plug, boys, and chew on that. But if you still believe in the Grapefruit League, there will always be a spring to count on.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAT CATS

Sir

When I turned to the contents page of your Feb. 11 issue I was overjoyed to see there was a story on the New York Rangers (*Dashin' Through the Dough*). So what do I find? A cartoon mocking the Rangers and a highly critical article that says they are paid a lot for doing nothing.

This is ridiculous. The Rangers are one of hockey's best teams. They have been in the playoffs seven years in a row. True, they have not won the Stanley Cup since 1940, but that is no excuse to write them off.

As for their fat payroll, if the club can afford it, fine. What about all those rookies who are making more than \$100,000 because of the bidding war between the NHL and the WHA? If rookies who have not even proved themselves are worth that much, then good players are worth at least that much. I hope the Rangers win the cup this year just to show Mark Mulvey that they are worth every cent they are paid.

ROGER PINCUS

Hightstown, N.J.

Sir

As a beer-drinking hardhat who invests \$5 some 41 times per season to watch the Cat's fat cats in "action," I appreciate your article. You have exposed the high-salaried Ranger players and their spendthrift management to sports fans everywhere. We New York fans are discontented because the return on our dollar is poor. The Rangers win fewer than half their games against top teams (witness their combined 2-3-1 Garden record against Montreal, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia) and seldom display their supposed talents against the weaker NHL teams.

Perhaps the greatest frustration is the realization that the Stanley Cup is becoming less and less of a possibility. The Ranger talents have been diminished by the years. It is time for Emlé Frances to join his George Allen philosophy and make a commitment to youth. Montreal sacrificed one year to acquire young players, with excellent results. The Rangers have the nucleus of a Stanley Cup champion but the current team and organization will never win it.

ARI KORZELIUS

Princeton, N.J.

Sir

The article expressed a sentiment predominant among Ranger fans for quite some time. Although we give the Rangers more support than Mark Mulvey does, the fact remains that they rarely show their worth. I was impressed by the caricatures.

JOHN A. HOFF JR.

Geneva, N.Y.

HONEY SHOTS

Sir

Thank you very much for printing ABC Cameraman Andy Sidaris' views on girls at college football games (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 11). Now that Mr. Sidaris has all your male readers heading South to find attractive girls, those of us who are left here in the North this spring are going to have a good time when all of our girls take off that "lumber-jack" cold-weather gear.

R. BRICE MATTINGLY

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sir:

I would like to commend Andy Sidaris on picking the state of Alabama as his prime area for girl watching. Notre Dame might be No. 1 in football, but Bama and Auburn both outclass the Irish when it comes to belles.

RANDY JONES

Haleyville, Ala.

Sir:

As a former Michigan State co-ed, now a resident of North Carolina, I feel obligated to defend my frozen sisters to the north.

If you took some of these so-called gorgeous Southern Belles out of the balmy 70° temperatures and put them in the 10° and lower temperatures that I experienced watching football games in East Lansing, they wouldn't be gorgeous for long.

Give credit where credit is due. The women who freeze in the stands up North are there because they truly appreciate the game and because they are not particularly worried about Mr. Sidaris and his silly views on how they look.

SUSAN FAICORE & WISH

Raleigh, N.C.

Sir

Man does not live by honey alone. We at Stanford feel that a belief in human equality with respect to social, political and economic rights should be a more highly regarded standard of beauty than a transient pretty smile or other commonly preferred superficial characteristics. Hopefully, Andy Sidaris will keep this in mind next fall.

ED SNARE

Stanford, Calif.

Sir

I won't agree or disagree with Andy Sidaris' "honey shot" evaluations, since his comments obviously are a colossal put-on. Surely Mr. Sidaris doesn't expect female fans in such "arctic" climes as Buffalo and Pittsburgh to look quite as enticing as Southern California honeys basking in warm weather and skimpier outfits.

Also, if Andy had done his homework he would know that Buffalo hasn't had a college-level football team for several years. Being facetious can be fun, being a city-knocker shows very little imagination.

R. A. PICHOWICZ

Buffalo

MIDDLE AMERICAN STAR

Sir

It is articles like *The Hesitancy of a Big Barn-burner* (Feb. 11) that make *Sports Illustrated* unique. SI gives us human beings and their value systems, not just a column of sports statistics as do most of our TV and newspaper reports. Each morning as I have arisen in the dark this past week, my thoughts have been of Steve Platt, up hours before me, doing his farm chores before beginning a full schedule of classes at Huntington College.

The Platt family is giving up professional basketball status because, as Peggy Platt says, "It's only a mile to our church, seven minutes to the college. We live a mile west of Steve's parents and a mile and a half east of my parents. Our children will go to the same schools Steve and I did." Right on, Mr. and Mrs. Platt! Right on, SI.

MARTIN J. WYAND

Aurora, Colo.

Sir:

I especially enjoyed the article about Steve Platt. The fact that three of the top six all-time college scorers attended Indiana schools is a tribute to Hoosier basketball!

STEVE GOTTFRIED

New Haven, Ind.

Sir

Three cheers for Steve Platt and hardy and basketball! Our school is without a gymnasium and on rainy days our team practices in a dirt-floored huybar. We have no pgs, but we do have to watch out for hay bales. It's nice to know we have such good company in Steve Platt.

KATHY CARLIS

Chatham, Va.

GLENDALE KID

Sir

Thank you for an interesting and informative article on Dwight Stones (*LAB GOLF, Divided into Three Parts*, Feb. 4). Ever since he broke the world high-jump record in July, I have been waiting to read something in SI about this fine athlete from Glendale, Calif. There is little doubt that Stones will become a legend in the propensities of the memorable John Thomas.

DAVID ANSELROD

Champaign, Ill.

continued

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reservations will automatically dictate a proportionate increase in flight attendants. That's the best way we know to make sure our on-board service doesn't slip.

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We'll have "floaters"—baggage handlers assigned to pitch in whenever and wherever they're needed to help get your checked luggage back to you.

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5) We'll remodel our 727's (50% of them by March) to give them greater carry-on capacity, improved comfort, and the look and feel of our larger wide-bodied planes.

6) We'll be flexible enough to add extra flights when they're needed. And your Travel Agent can keep you up to date on any important changes.

7) Whatever we can do, we will do, to make this year a Happy New Year.



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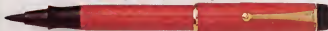
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Sir:

I had to laugh while reading Ron Read's article on Dwight Stones. It showed only one side of Stones. Underneath he is a typical spotted Glendale kid. He's the Muhammad Ali of track.

Glendale, Calif

MICHAEL A. NAWON

PRIOR KEVIN

Sir:

Thank you for Kent Hannon's article on Providence College's heretofore unheralded guard, Kevin Stacom (*The Sound of Quiet Kevin*, Feb. 4). Having seen Kevin play a number of times last year and during the current season, I knew that an article such as Hannon's was inevitable. In this day and age of collegiate superstars it is refreshing to read about a young man whose values and ideals transcend the confines of the basketball court.

West Hartford, Conn

JOAN M. GAVIN

Sir:

As a Providence College alumnus (1956) and avid basketball fan, I took great pleasure in your article on quiet Kevin Stacom. PC's highly successful athletic program has allowed this small college to mix it up with the large universities. No doubt Stacom and Marvin Barnes will join Ernie McGreger, Johnny Ligin, Lenny Wilkins and Mike Riordan as successful pro players. The Friars have turned all Rhode Islanders into basketball nuts. Last year they averaged 10,000 fans per game—nearly three times PC's student population.

JOHN V. SCHOLAN, M.D.
Essex Junction, Vt.

VET SET

Sir:

I found the article on Bud Deacon (*Hardcore Life & Bikes*, Feb. 4) extremely interesting. I suppose many of us wonder how we can possibly maintain even a little of the form that we have in our prime. Bud Deacon has mastered this, and more. I don't have any idea of what life in the 60s is like but I now have something to guide myself by when I get there.

Philadelphia

ANDY SILVER

Sir:

After reading Richard W. Johnson's account of this amazing 62-year-old retired Navy commander, all I have to say (with apologies to Rudyard Kipling) is: you're a better man than I. Bud Deacon? I salute this fine elderly gentleman for his apparently successful efforts to defy the laws of nature. He is to be genuinely admired for his gritty determination. I do not exactly go along with the Deacon Diet; still that odd-sounding con-

coction called Gookinard seems fascinating and worth a try.

Cincinnati

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Sir:

I have great respect for Bud Deacon but he is just a kid and some of the applause should be reserved for more mature men. Besides winning seven events in the 70-and-over division of both the 1971 and the 1972 Seniors Track Meet at Cal State, Los Angeles and holding several senior records in both track and field and swimming, I won the men's doubles tennis championship at Montecito Country Club when I was 70 and was runner-up at 73. This was not a senior event but was open to all members.

JOHN R. WHITTEMORE
Santa Barbara, Calif

Sir:

Thanks for the eye-opening, eyehow-raising article on Commander Deacon. Some of these septuagenarians perform better than teenagers.

On a front much smaller than track and field—but growing—our Peninsula Wrestling Club is planning the first "vet set" wrestling meet in the Eastern U.S. for late March. All entrants must be at least 30 years of age. Modified college rules will be used.

BEN AITKENHEAD
Director
Peninsula Wrestling Club
Williamsburg, Va.

KENTUCKY COACHES

Sir:

The rift concerning former University of Kentucky Coach Blanton Collier and his now famous staff (*Prolet*, Feb. 4) shows that UK has made mistakes with its football program. Kentucky has had only one season over .500 (6-4 in 1965) since Collier & Co were fired in 1964.

You ask, "Fired anybody else lately, Kentucky?" The answer is yes. John Ray was fired in 1972, after four years as head coach. Ray is now defensive coach for the vastly improved Buffalo Bills.

But the future of football at Kentucky is bright. Last season the Wildcats opened a 58,000-seat stadium under new head coach Fran Curci and finished the year at 5-6. Six of UK's opponents went to postseason bowls. Kentucky defeated two of them (Tulane and Georgia) and lost close games to Alabama, LSU, Tennessee and Florida. It marked the first time that a Kentucky team had won more than three games since that 1965 season. So Wildcat fans are excited. They have forgotten about Collier, Don Shula, Chuck Knox—and even Bear Bryant. The future is with Fran Curci, at least for now.

P. R. STUPPINS
Lexington, Ky

continued

Love at first Sight...

And good-bye to the uptight look and express your "with it" personality with stunning Sabra Jacket. Made of miracle Italian

knit cloth (70% long blend cotton and 30% polyurethane) it's absolutely indistinguishable—in feel and look—from the most supple suede. But it has many advantages over "real" suede, because it weighs only about half as much, doesn't water spot, dry cleans to emerge like new, and drapes beautifully.

Sabra Jackets are gently nipped in the waist and flared at the hips—the "modified European look," which no think of as a very American kind of look. Luxur trimmings include full lining of satin acetate, "epaulettes" (that let you carry your camera or purse securely), brass snap bottom, and Western style saddle back.

And then there are the colors—"natural" (looks just like tan kid suede), turtle dove gray, and faded denim blue. Just select the fashion color that suits your personality best. Naturally Sabra Jackets come in all men's and ladies' sizes. And here's a special bonus for you lovers with a hat: hers pair we'll send you a handsome (and very practical) shoulder Sabra Bag in the color of the lady's coat.

So order your Sabra Jacket(s) today. We'll promise you this: As soon as you see it and put it on—it'll be love at first sight!

☐ Yes, send me Sabra Jacket(s) in men's size _____, color _____, ladies' size _____, color _____.

☐ My check for \$39.95 plus \$2.95 for postage and handling per jacket (plus sales tax for California delivery) is enclosed.

☐ Please charge my: ☐ BA, ☐ MC, ☐ American Express.

(Note: If you have any of these cards, you may order by toll free telephone (800) 229-0212—in CA call (415) 871-8645.)

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1 lb. coffee: \$.15
Today: \$.99

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Virginia Board of Regents or our city council discussing a dream.

Joe Mock, Jr.

Huntington, W. Va.

• It was Oral Roberts University's new sports facility that captured Ireland's fancy. However, Marshall University fans in Cabell County, W. Va., will have a chance on May 14 to vote on a \$10 million bond issue for a 12,000- to 14,000-seat Civic Arena. —FD

FOR THE SUPERDOME

I should like to comment on the Scorecard item "Tee-shirt" in your Dec. 24 issue. First of all, the latest cost estimate of the Louisiana Superdome is \$163,313,215, not \$162 million as you stated.

In 1966, when Louisiana voters approved the idea, a cost estimate was given of \$15 million. However, the entire concept and location changed during the intervening period between 1966 and 1971, when the state legislature authorized a revenue bond issue of \$129.5 million for the \$150.2 million dome cost. A stadium with a capacity of 80,101 (for a Super Bowl game), which can also be utilized for conventions, trade shows, etc., and will produce revenue from 5,000 downtown parking spots, offices, restaurants, stores and medical clinic rentals, costs more to construct than the original design seating 40,000 and featuring only sports events.

We agree that the Superdome must clear \$34,500 a day to break even. However, the following daily revenues are anticipated to cover costs, exclusive of events in the dome: \$10,000 from downtown parking fees, \$8,000 from a 4% hotel motel occupancy tax, \$2,000 from dome tours, \$5,000 from advertising fees and \$5,000 from rental space. Therefore, we feel confident in the Stanford Research Institute's prediction that we will be in the black within five years and believe their estimate of a \$60 million profit over the life of the bond issue to be conservative.

The New York Times has said, "The Louisiana Superdome will make all other stadiums in existence as obsolete as Rome's Colosseum." We in Louisiana are immensely proud of our facility and believe it will be a major world attraction for many years. We feel the world's biggest and finest urban event center is expensive but will be worth every dollar spent to build it.

BERNARD B. LEVY
Executive Director
Louisiana Superdome

New Orleans

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

DURING THE ENERGY SHORTAGE THE CLOSER YOU STAY TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING THE BETTER

In New York Broadway is exactly 250 steps from the New York Hilton. The Waldorf puts you in the heart of midtown. And the Statler Hilton is just across the street from Penn Station.

In Chicago Hilton's Palmer House is close to everything in the Loop. The Conrad Hilton is a 95 cent taxi ride from the Merchandise Mart and \$1.25 from the Civic Center.

In San Francisco the financial district, Nob Hill and Fisherman's Wharf are only a 25 cent cable car ride from the Hilton. The airline terminal is next door. BART is a few steps away.

In Los Angeles the Convention Center is only 7 blocks from the downtown Hilton. The Beverly Hilton is within easy walking distance of Beverly Hills and Century City.

In Washington the Statler Hilton is just a three minute walk from the White House. The Washington Hilton is a five minute taxi ride from the embassies, three from Georgetown.

In Boston you can walk across the street from the Statler Hilton to the Boston Common.

In Detroit stay in the heart of the city, Grand Circus Park, at the Detroit Hilton.

In Dallas the Statler Hilton is in the heart of downtown and a short walk to the Convention Hall. Or take care of your business from the Hilton inn at the hub of Dallas' industrial area.

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